

The Baptist Record

"THY KINGDOM COME"

OLD SERIES
VOLUME LII

JACKSON, MISS., May 29, 1930

NEW SERIES
VOLUME XXXII. No. 22

There are 2,000,000 men in China under arms, and about the same number of people are starving.

Two Baptist preachers of nation wide reputation died in May; Dr. A. S. Hobart, of Pennsylvania, and Lincoln McConnell, of Florida.

The Watchman Examiner quotes the Times Picayune as saying, "Many a young man poses as hard-boiled when he is only half-baked."

Just once in a lifetime do we publish anything as long as the sermon by Dr. R. G. Lee. It's real worth led us to insert it though it crowded out many other articles.

We are obliged to charge advertizing rates for announcements by brethren who wish churches to know they are available for service in meetings. Rates furnished on request.

It is said that Dr. Thomas W. Croxton, for the past few months editor of The Baptist Advance of Arkansas, has been elected head of the Bible Department in Ouachita College.

Though only six years old, The Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia has more money than any Baptist Seminary in the South. This institution is conservative in theology.

Mrs. O. R. Griffin, of Columbus, is now 77 years of age and doesn't remember the time when a Baptist paper did not come into the home. Her father and mother took The Baptist and The Record.

G. Campbell Morgan becomes professor of Bible Interpretation in Gordon College, Boston. J. Whitcomb Brougner, of Tremont Temple, will also teach in the same college, probably a course in evangelism.

There might have been wide diversity of opinion as to who should be president of the Southern Baptist Convention. But there were no differences as to the fact that Dr. McGlothlin made a superb president.

A State college exists to prepare men and women to be better citizens of the State. The Christian college exists to fit men and women to be better servants of Jesus Christ. There is no conflict between them, but they are different.

Are your young people going to college, or are they doomed to live their lives with a narrow horizon and in a beclouded atmosphere? Are your people intelligent in the matter of the denominational life and teaching and work? Is their interest in these things strong enough to quicken their spiritual life? What are you doing to improve their condition in these matters? Maybe it would be well for you to call in outside help to wake them up.

Brother D. A. Youngblood resigns the pastorate at Forest to accept a call to Baton Rouge. We are sorry to lose him from Mississippi.

Another thing that didn't happen at the New Orleans Convention: Pastor Tripp did not introduce his resolutions to consolidate the Home and Foreign Boards, and to permit the Southwide agencies to go direct to the people with their appeals.

The great auditorium in New Orleans was given by the city to the use of the Southern Baptist Convention without one cent of charge. It is said that the burning of the electric lights in the building cost \$40.00 an hour. Surely our people are greatly indebted to this city for this favor.

The address of Dr. L. Bracey Campbell, of the Baptist Bible Institute, made at the Commencement of Mississippi College was highly spoken of on every hand. His subject was "Our Debt To The Past." He made a plea for the old standards of honor and justice. He took his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Mississippi College a few years ago.

We noticed in New Orleans that one of the best editors in the South was not smoking a cigar, whereas the weed had been his constant companion. Being asked about it, he said he had many times tried to quit tobacco but without success. Some months ago he got down on his knees and asked God to take away from him the love of cigars and God answered his prayers. It was all off.

It may be of interest to advertizers and others to note that Blue Mountain College advertizes in The Baptist Record and, without canvassing, has constantly grown in student attendance till they are overflowing. One advertizer a few days since in bringing in copy for an ad, remarked that whenever he put a notice in The Record he got a handfull of responses. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Pastors are not always conscious of their full responsibility. No man in this office has done his duty who has not laid himself out to induce his young people to get a college education, and also gone the limit to get all his people to read the denominational paper. Ignorance is a handicap from which every pastor should seek to save his people. And certainly he cannot furnish them all the information they need.

The more than 700 colleges in the United States have a total enrollment of 1,000,000 students. One-seventh of the colleges hold three-fourths of the endowment funds and have one-fourth of the students. That is, seventy-five per cent of the students are educated on twenty-five per cent of the total endowments in eighty-six per cent of the colleges.—Ex.

GOD'S GOSPEL CONVENTION SERMON

By Dr. R. G. Lee

(Continued from last week)

We utterly despair of ever finding any words adequate to express so large a fact. But Christ's face was set toward Calvary before aught of creation from the womb of nothingness came. The centuries from Adam to Christ were crimson with the blood of innocent victims killed as types of the slain Lamb of God. The diversified, systematic sacrifices of the Jews, like finger posts along the highway of time, pointed worshippers to a sacrificial Saviour. Significant shadows of redemptive entity still ahead, adumbrations of a substance yet to come, by the blood of a thousand altars, these sacrifices, elemental, preparatory, preliminary, rudimental, introductory, pointed to Christ, the propellant center to which the faith of mankind before and since gravitated. There is a theology that counts such truth too vulgar to be attributed to divine ordinances, but to be viewed as belonging to the grosser mind of man in his unrefined stages of development. But men libel God and label the Bible a lie by believing anything contrary to the truth that the blood stream was ordained of God. Nowhere do we find hope, no road to victory over evil in the hearts of men, until we come to

.... "A green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

This is our Gospel—our only watch cry of spiritual triumphs in this day when everything for which apostles, martyrs, and reformers lived and died is being whittled away.

So we must proclaim the Cross—that which seemed to be Christ's shame, glorying in what seemed to be the hour of his collapse, emphasizing what seemed to be his defeat. Preach it, not submit it for subdued discussion in the academic grove—preach it, not with piping voice, but with trumpet tones. Not as epicures in philosophies, not as feeders of inflamed popular appetite for amusement, not as administrators of laughing gas for the painless extraction of sin, not as dainty tasters of intellectual subtleties, not as experts in speculative cleverness dealing in the airy abstractions of an "up-to-date" Gospel, not as dealers in fine-spun metaphysical disquisitions. But with wooing urgency that lifts up the crucified Christ and warns men of the "wrath of God revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness" (Rom. 1:18). Else our churches shall be lighthouses without light, wells without water, barren fig trees, sleeping watchmen, silent trumpets, dumb witnesses, messengers without tidings, a comfort to infidels, a hot-bed for formalism, a joy to the devil, an offense to God.

By his Cross, not by the disquisitions of philosophers and the exhortations of moralists, regenerate health comes. The great salient is that Jesus died—died an initial death, as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—an official death, as the God-selected substitute—a judicial death, a judgment death for others—a sacrificial death, the just for the unjust (I Peter 3:18). And with his dying, the colossal system of Judaism passed away; its bloody altars drifted into oblivion; its priestly vestments were flung aside. The ceremonial law, with its mystic rites and interposed barriers, was abrogated. Jesus took all these rites, types, symbols, to the Cross and nailed them there (Col. 2:14). They are remembered now only to interpret them in the light of Christ's redemption. They were redemption symbolized—the sacrifice offered by human hands. Himself is redemption realized—the Lamb slain.

Coming up from Edom with dyed garments, from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel (Isa. 63:1), traveling in the greatness of his strength, he retraced the way of man's retreat, opened the way to the tree of life, liquidated the bond of inexorable law, sheathed the sword of justice behind the blood-drenched Mercy Seat. Then God's per-

fections opened wide their arms repentant sinners to receive!

In all this we rejoice. For the fingers of prophecy point to Calvary; the incarnation was preparatory to Calvary; the transfiguration foreshadowed Calvary; Pentecost was the fruit of Calvary. And, as the rays of glory emanating from Christ find focus in Calvary, so, at Calvary, the history of human guilt culminates—the purposes of divine love become intelligible—the mysteries of prophecy are unraveled—the majesty of the law vindicated—the great problem of human redemption solved. At Calvary all human sorrows hide in his wounds! The hieroglyphics of the types find their key. Satan's armor is removed, the fires of the law extinguished, the penal claims of God against us exhausted, every righteous judgment of God perfectly met, our condemnation lifted, the death of sin made certain, our death sentence revoked, the serpent's head bruised, the door of heaven opened, the fountain of salvation unsealed, the world stripped of its charms, the bitters of life sweetened, the shadows of death dispelled, the darkness of eternity irradiated!

The Cross, the true center and sanctuary of this fallen and broken world, is the only leverage mighty enough to roll off of crushed humanity the ponderous incubus which bondage to Satan had placed upon humanity.

"Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Let me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er us!"

We go not from a highway to a bypath when we speak now of the

Constraint

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto him who died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. 5:14-15).

The Cross constraint can compass our necessities. Truth on the altar will more adequately triumph than truth in the controversial arena, on the billboard, or the adding machine. Subterfuges, stop-gap performances, argumentative appeals with subtle suggestions of self-pity, will fail. Run these roads how we will, we seek power and victory by ways that never lead to it. Under the constraint of the Cross which "bids us not stand nor sit but go," we shall avoid being "bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings, hearing our one hope with an empty wonder, sadly contented with a show of things." Not only so. We shall be kept from a passive acquiescence in small attainments, from slothful timidity in daring, from careless indifference to great stretches of the unattained, from tepid supineness in the face of unscaled peaks that await the pilgrim feet of spiritual pioneers.

What urged early Christians along life's highway? What gave them joy in hardships, hazards, sufferings? What drove them toward mobbing, scourgings, prisons, unto death itself? The words "The love of Christ constraineth me" holds the secret. They found unflustered sufficiency in the Cross. So shall we. Duties God-sent, opportunities God-arranged, privileges heaven-born are ours. Therefore, heroism we must manifest—a heroism eclipsing that born of the bloody ministry of war. So, in words vivid as lightning, Jesus warns against the atrophy of heroism!

A vast Vanity-Fair is in our country, of artificial beauty parlors, jazz orchestras, comic strips, shrieking posters, night clubs, cocktail-crusaders, bathing reviews, bootleggers, flippant marathons, tom-tom dances, idle parties playing bridge, itching ears—folks giving ear to "raucous cheapjacks shouting palpable lies"—jaded folks seeking thrills, dancing to the music of self-indulgence chasing short-lived butterflies of pleasure, pottering with shabby nothings. But how revoltingly cheap, this way of life looks as people remember Jesus on the Cross. By his Cross, he shows us how poor many things we count great, how shoddy our splendor, how tawdry our luxury, how worthless many things we boast of.

Fearsomely easy it is to take the Cross for

granted, to be no different because of that tremendous fact. But there is no possibility of following Christ except by living the crucified life! The Cross stands between us and God's wrath—so that now the community between Jesus and sinners is real, the community of their debt on one side and his merit on the other. But let us not forget that the Cross should also stand between us and the great world system of sin and pleasure. We need to think in terms of the Cross, in all things applying it as our standard, carrying it daily through life's multitudinous details, meeting our tasks in its spirit.

Today, men, slaves of wrong values, bound to the world's view of success, love the rewards, not the risks, of the Christian life. Ornamental Cross wearing is more popular than sacrificial cross bearing. But to follow Christ is to get his Cross so in our minds that it becomes the standard by which we judge everything, a watershed which shows through all we think and are and do, the solemn background before which our whole life is enacted.

Shall we extol the bleeding sacrifice of Calvary?—the martyrs whose blood stained the mouths of lions? the saints who went to the stake or dungeon, and then, when our turn comes to sacrifice, ask for ether?—act as though the symbols of our faith were silken slippers or downy chairs? Shall we sing of the crucifixion and preach a crucified Christ as pantomime? Shall we continue to exhibit the weakness of modern Christianity in its deceptive views as to the cost of spiritual power? Shall we have no suggestion of the thorn crown or the nail prints about us? Shall we be easy, untroubled, satisfied, facing the world's need and wreck? Do we know Christ in any real way if we remain unconcerned?—having not his sorrow for sin, his passion for souls? Challenged by the world's great need, holding in our hands limitless resources—what will we do? Has not Christ waited long enough for us to crown him Lord of all? To take from his brow scarred for us, the crown of thorns set there by scoffing men and place thereon the crown of the kingdom of the earth?

A Jewish Rabbi says: "The Jews have rejected Christ, and Christians have disgraced him." He charges that by our worldliness we misrepresent Christ's spiritual teachings, by our pride misrepresent his humility, by our lack of heroism and loyalty misrepresent his Cross!

Speaks the Rabbi truth?

Robert Speer said: "After thirty years of leadership in missionary work it is my conclusion and conviction that the greatest missionary problem is just the failure of Christian people to live up to their professions."

Is Speer right?

Such things could never be true of us if we apply the principles of his Cross to our conduct—make its spirit regnant in politics, in business, in kingdom battles, in the tasks of God—test our convictions, our inheritances, by its tests—subdue every region of our lives to its imperial concern.

The only marks of victory Christ bears are the wounds of Calvary. Have we forgotten what a claim these scars constitute upon every life they have redeemed and their tenderly mighty appeal as they bid us share his crucifixion? Much it will mean if we can meet him, arm in arm with Paul, able to match Paul's statement, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,"—able to match Bunyan's testimony, "My marks and scars I carry with me to show I have fought his battles well."

Life and progress are inspirational—not mechanical. So—the necessity and value of the Cross, the dynamic of personal life. Today, black snow falls! The fever of life's fierce heat burns the divine dew off the grass! Spiritual mercury falls low! Critical Phillistines of transcendent cleverness subject the warm wonder of Christianity to cool analysis! Faith's wings are clipped by reason's scissors. Fat deformities ask the world to substitute for Christianity's bread "a chunk of cloud bank buttered with the night wind." And our unregenerate humanity is set in the midst of palaces, art, philosophies but remains a bedrag-

gled beggar still, while many Christians are frostbitten in realms of luxury. So the Cross is our superlative, our supreme, inspiration. As Baptists, in danger of making a show before the world, doing too little in demonstrating the power and the message of the Holy Spirit, our hope is the proclamation and practice of the Calvary Gospel.

In this unreconciled, alienated, dislocated, sin-troubled, world, cluttered up with conceits, things inchoate, things inordinate, multitudes from all nations turn to us.

From Europe—peoples burdened, in the near shadow of a quadrennium of blood and tears and the nearer shadow of atheistic orgies.

From Mexico—peoples clouded by age-long superstition, halted at Guadalupe when they ought to go on to Calvary, our near neighbors in geography, needing to be our close brothers in Christ.

From the Philippines—folks physically freed by Dewey's guns, intellectually freed by educational missionaries, some already freed from bondage to relics and friars because of the Gospel's liberating truth.

From Japan—agile seekers for world's trade and oriental rulership, perils if they get the coarse power of our civilization without knowing its redeeming author, possibilities if their leadership of the yellow races comes itself under the leadership of the Lord, who being national is still universal.

From Korea—bearing the pathetic despair of their own nationality, and the curse of sin.

From Africa—black millions from the land where Livingston died, where heroes who dared and died valiantly left white tombstones to mark the highway over which Ethiopia stumbles with hands stretched out to God.

From China—their eyes on ancestral tombs until such time as they see Christ's Cross, yellow hordes if captured by the militaristic devil, golden throngs if marshalled by the Prince of Peace, who alone can be trusted with their awful power.

From India—her lines of cruel caste waiting for erasure by the pierced hand of the impartial Christ.

From all nations—multitudes unled and misled, knowing not our God, multitudes whose hearts within them are desolate.

Our commission is "Go and disciple all nations." Our assurance is "I am with you." Knowing this, we must conceive a providence which encircles the world. We must proclaim the vastness of the divine orbit, the tremendous sweep of the decrees. Our Southland, with its imperial advantages, resources, opportunities, has imperial responsibility. And that responsibility, in these hours big with destiny, is for the world's lost millions. Nothing exempts us from this responsibility. Our circumstances do not offer soldiers of the Cross an easy parade ground, where we can loll and sing our lilting songs; they rather offer hard, broken fields which demand as heroic and chivalrous virtues as ever clothed a child of God. May the Cross, therefore, claim us, haunt us, lay compulsion upon us. Behind paltry revenues, frail instruments, erring agents, the Cross works with irresistible efficiency.

Having big conventions, brooding on blunders, mustering big numbers, having only abstract recognition of the claims of Jesus, will not suffice. But laying down our lives. Any cheaper process is doomed to failure. Facing our most compelling hour, our biggest opportunity, since Calvary, we wake to the challenge with vast plans, machinery, publicity, executive ability. But we must do more than maintain great organizations and project world-wide plans. Anything an asset—we must use. But our lives we must lay down. Else we shall limp on in a lame old way. Nothing is won without sacrifice, nothing held without blood. Can we—will we?—lay down our lives? This, under God, will lift us from mediocrity to genius, from provincialism into world citizenship, from defeat to victory. With the Cross our experience, not a mere historical statement, we will be lifted from pride to humility, from passion to poise, from selfishness to renunciation, from rolling

marbles to removing mountains, from contentment with corners to conquest of continents.

So long as Southern Baptists have a passion for the salvation of sinners everywhere, there is little danger of our drifting into materialism, of frittering away our energies in "the ethical development of the world." But if we give up our position as an evangelistic storm center and court riches, fashion, the friendships of self-elected scholars with bloodless gospels, the approval of religious bodies with spiritual latitudes wide as the Sahara desert and correspondingly dry, we err greatly. In these days of molluscous liberalism, of self-satisfied complacency, if we emphasize little the old familiar notes of Calvary, of hell, of sin, and take up the merely tender note of humanitarian philosophy, we sound our death knell, dig our grave, write our epitaph. At Christ's Cross is the solution of our indebtedness problem, the sufficient stimulus for our lowered morale, the adequate replenishing for empty treasuries.

By prayer and heroic struggles our Southland has been consecrated beyond all power of priestly hands. Our fathers whose flame burned steadily in wildest winds, passed through perils, making fiery stakes, whipping posts, prison bars to blossom like Aaron's rod. Shall we, with such ancestry blessed, hand down our blood-bequeathed legacies reduced in quality and in quantity? Pigmies be where our fathers were giants in mind and conscience? Shall we make the superstructure less than the foundations they laid? Shall we let rot in ignoble anchorage the ships whose keels they laid and set with ribs of steel?

Our Baptist fathers, fearing not the wrath of man in the consciousness of God's presence, believing that all people have a right to approach God without any ecclesiastical or State interference, wrote history in blood before they wrote it in ink. Shall we write history in ink only?

As Baptists, we believe, as did our fathers, in the rights of the individual, not ecclesiastical rights; in personal faith, not proxy faith; in the priesthood of all believers, not the priesthood of a class; in free grace, not sacramental grace; in the direct approach to God, not the indirect; in believer's baptism, not infant baptism; in the voluntary principle in religion; not the coercive. And we must, without apology, without fear, without ceasing, preach and practice our beliefs, carrying them out to the point of suffering. Down all highways, down all bypaths, we must shout the truth that in religion we have no priest but Christ, in sin no sacrifice but Calvary, in all things no authority but the Bible. Always—no confessional but the throne of grace!!

Believing all this, shall we claim fellowship with and give obedient ear to men who, bearing the university brand, claiming the authority of a self-elected scholarship, substitute a "Thus saith the mind of man" for a "Thus saith the Lord"—men who see no virgin birth in Bethlehem, who read no deeper meaning in the Cross than a heroic martyrdom, who cannot find in Joseph's garden an empty tomb?

The world speaks in desperate need to us. Guilty we shall be of giving it a serpent for fish, if we point it not to Calvary. Our one hope, in all things, is to deal with the tragic terms of the Cross, whereby callous hearts warm in gratitude to him who came to earth, enduring the indifference which drove him to the manger and the malice which nailed him to the Cross.

But what hope have we if, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" we go through perfunctory services, parroting prayers, yawning over watches, acting as excursionists on a pleasure expedition?

What hope have we if gracious ladies and cultured men thank us for our sermons but do not surrender their souls to the will of God?—open not their purses to the cause of Christ, while our institutions languish and our mission lines break?

What hope if, absorbed in the delights of scholarship, we let the fires go out on evangelistic altars?

Or—if, citizens of a civilization that makes ice in tropics, we know not how, by the Cross, to attack frigid conventionalities with holy, spiritual impetuosity?

Or—if, adding telescopes to our eyes, we get in scientific fog banks and lose sight of Christ?

Or—if, adding radios to our ears, hearing whispers from all corners of the universe, we have dull ears for the voice of him who soundeth forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat?

Or—if, adding the telephone to our tongues, talking across continents, we preach a cultural, not a crucified Christ?

Or—if, building big buildings, we forget that "other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. 3:11).

Or—if, adding the auto to our feet, we follow after Christ limpingly and complainingly, taking his name on in easy fashion with loud professions and feeble possessions?

When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his return from Egypt to Italy, he said:

"It is a small matter that I should move forward and die, it is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live."

It was said of Napoleon: "He never lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of present circumstances." He was never blinded by the glare of victory or by the cloud of defeat.

So let it be with us—in thought, in word, in deed. As soldiers of the Cross, no right have we to take one step backward, to make today's encampment the place of permanent habitation. No victory have we won with which we have a right for a moment to be content. Nor defeat that ought to discourage us. No army of occupation we. An army of conquest.

At the Cross, standing there beside the gift of his whole life for us, can we stand unmoved, hugging our lives close, withholding ourselves from the altar and, when the bugles of duty call, from the arena?

"He died for all, . . . that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again."

"Rose again!"

That declares the

Complement

There came a day when the sun went down at noonday! And all said, "He's dead." The callous Roman soldiers. Poltroonic Pilate. The smug elders whose hypocrisy he had condemned. The centurion who heard his last cry. The Sadducees, ignoring the supernatural, rejecting a divine hope prating and precise Pharisees. Mary standing to the travail of the ages. The crowd who wagged their jesting heads in his dying agony. The by the cross, the prophetic sword of Simeon piercing her heart; All said, "He's dead." His disciples, in despair, saw the fire of life fade from the eyes that had looked with compassion upon the multitudes. Disappointed in themselves, disappointed in him, they saw the hands once placed with healing upon diseased bodies, the feet once swift on errands of mercy, the mouth that had spoken as never man spake, go dead under the nails—the ears so keenly sensitized to cries of human need grow deaf in death. As the sun went down behind the skull-shaped hill, they all, stupified with grief from which they could see no possible deliverance, said "He's dead!" Him who is to history's best character as light to darkness, as blessing to cursing, as heaven to earth, as holiness to sin, as life to death, they named a dead man. Joseph of Arimathea put in the tomb that body, stamped and scarred with the stigmata of the cross. Then in upper rooms, in dark retreats, in secret hiding places, on lonely roads, his followers, in fear, said, "We hoped it was he who would have redeemed Israel." Hearing terrors very near in every sound; seeing lurking foes in every shadow, they found their mental geography radically changed. A huge chasm yawned between them and their fondest hopes. The throne of their beloved had disappeared.

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Editorials

WORD PICTURES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

We have examined with special interest these new volumes from the brain and heart of Dr. A. T. Robertson, of the Louisville Seminary. Dr. Robertson has written a score of books on New Testament studies, and this series will, in all probability, climax them all. It will consist of six volumes, covering the entire New Testament. The first two volumes are now issued by the Sunday School Board in Nashville. This work is not in any sense a repetition of his other efforts, but is a clear setting forth of the key words in the scriptures under consideration. The two volumes already published are interpretations of Matthew and Mark in one volume and of Luke in the second volume. The work is so done that one familiar with the Greek of the New Testament may see the grounds of interpretation; but at the same time the man or woman not familiar with the Greek may follow him without difficulty. These volumes are of the kind that one will find useful and helpful for a lifetime, and not of the sort that one reads and then lays aside. We do not see how one seeking the best in the interpretation of the New Testament can afford to do without them. The price is \$3.50 for each volume.

THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS

In his address at the Convention in New Orleans Dr. W. O. Carver spoke for the Louisville Seminary. His address was based on the scripture statement that the scribes were astonished at the teaching of Jesus. He said many good things, but in one point that he made we felt that he came dangerously near a precipice over which some religious teachers have plunged in our generation. This was when he spoke of the astonishment of the people because Jesus spoke "with authority and not as the scribes."

Dr. Carver was urging the point that the work of the Seminary was to train men to continue the work of Jesus, and one way they were to continue his work was that like him they were to speak with authority. The authority here meant, according to the speaker, is speaking in harmony with actuality, in conforming with reality, so that it would be recognized as true by those who heard Jesus speak, or those who hear a preacher speak today.

To our mind this is not only a misinterpretation of the words of scripture, but hurtful theology. The meaning of speaking with authority is determined by the contrast between the teaching of Jesus and the teaching of the scribes. The latter simply passed on to others the traditional views that had been handed down to them by the rabbis of the past. Jesus did not quote them as authority but even dared to set his own word against theirs, displacing them from the seat of authority and assuming it for himself.

A Message is not authoritative because it commends itself to the intelligence, or judgment, or even the conscience of the hearer. It is authoritative because it comes from the only real source of authority. When Ezekiel was sent from God with a message to the people, he was told to proclaim it whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear.

Not all the people who heard Jesus acknowledged his authority; the majority of them did not. The very people who were astonished that he spoke with authority, did not yield to his message. But they did recognize that he spoke as one who claimed authority and had a right to speak in this way. It was the manner in which he spoke and not the conviction it carried that they took note of. There was in Jesus the consciousness of his deity which expressed itself naturally in speaking with authority. It was an official pronouncement, and not a traditional opinion which he was giving out. The authority

inheres in his person and not in its being recognized by the hearer as in conformity with reality.

The hearers judgment is often in error. Jesus said "my sheep hear my voice," others do not, but the fact that they do not does not in the least change the fact of his authority. "He that is of God heareth the words of God; for this cause ye hear them not because ye are not of God." Authority is not conditioned upon the ability or the willingness of the hearer to receive it. Authority is inherent in the person of Christ as the Son of God.

It would not be worth while to call attention to these things if this idea that authority is simply speaking out of personal contact with reality did not so easily and almost inevitably degenerate into the conception that only that in the Bible is to be accepted as authoritative which is in conformity with and acceptable to the reason and judgment and conscience of the individual. And today there are many who praise Jesus for having unusual insight into truth, but who do not recognize anything he taught as binding unless it approves itself to their own judgment. But Jesus claimed to be of God and to speak for God. And because he was God, he speaks with authority.

NEED OF PATIENCE

In the letter to the Hebrews (10:36) it is written, "For ye have need of patience, that having done the will of God, ye may receive the promises. We know of no exhortation more needed by Southern Baptists today than this.

Patience is not the virtue of submission, but of holding on, of continuance, of staying under the load until the work is done. Somebody said of the British soldier that his excellence and his success are in this that he can hold out fifteen minutes longer than others. The Bible is full of exhortations to patience which we need sorely to take to heart. Jesus said "In your patience ye shall win you souls." That is final success is the reward primarily of patience. Of Abraham it is said that "having patiently endured, he obtained the promise."

David said "I waited patiently for the Lord and he heard me." In Romans Paul says God will render eternal life "to them that by patience in well doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption" (2:7). The seed sown in good ground was in those who brought forth fruit with patience. We are exhorted to run with patience the race set before us.

There are two good reasons why patience is now a necessity with our Baptist people. One is that we have a great task, one that cannot be accomplished in a day, nor in a year. We are in a long, long road. Americans are characteristically impatient. They are in a hurry to get things done. They must see or show results, or they are ready to throw everything overboard. And this generation is particularly impatient. We want to build the pyramids before breakfast and dig the Panama Canal before supper. Speed is an obsession with us. We must girdle the globe in fifteen minutes. And if the kingdom of God doesn't come before night, we are ready to give it up as a bad job. All this tinkering with our machinery, changing of methods and plans, is a nervous and feverish effort to finish the job before sun down. We forget that God's work is not confined to one generation. In Hebrews we are told of the ancient worthies that "these all, having had witness born to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect."

There were people in Jesus' day who thought that the kingdom of God was immediately to appear and some who were willing to accept official position in the kingdom, but Jesus showed them that it was a long road to the crown and much suffering along the way. We Baptists have a big task on our hands. The ministry of Christ is manifold and world wide. We will be working at it a long time and may pass the unfinished task on to other hands.

But there is another reason and a cogent one why we "have need of patience." We need to be patient with one another. Individuals and groups among us make many blunders. We not only make mistakes, we show weakness, are acted upon by wrong and unworthy motives, and so hinder the progress of the work with which we are connected. These weaknesses offend our constituency, cause criticism, and threaten the continuance of the work. Here is where the patience of the saints becomes a necessity. The man who quits because he sees things in leaders which offend him, will find nowhere to go, and nobody with whom he can work. The Lord has to use imperfect instruments for his work, for there is no other kind available. It would have been a sad day for us if He had quit when Judas betrayed his Lord and Peter denied him, and all the rest forsook him. It was a dark hour. But He is "the God of patience." He never quits.

We have had thieves in our mission treasuries, incompetent men on boards and committees, selfish and obstinate men in responsible offices, men that were not to our liking at the head of departments and institutions. But the man who quits because of these things is little better, if any, than those to whom he objects. Correct the mistakes; get rid of unworthy men, but don't turn loose the work or throw it overboard. We have never seen a perfect man in any position of denominational responsibility, but we have never felt that it was a proper thing to destroy the institution or turn against the work.

It behooves us to work the more faithfully, to seek the elimination of the unfit, and to wait patiently on the Lord.

L. G. Whitehorn is the new president of Mountain Home College in Arkansas.

Rev. W. C. Tyler is now working on his Ph.D. or perhaps has finished it at the Louisville Seminary, Louisville, Ky. It has been my joy and privilege to know him for several years and to watch his growth with interest and pride. I know of no young man with finer possibilities, keener sensibilities or more thorough preparation for the gospel ministry. I do not know his plans. He has not asked me to say this word nor does he even know I am doing it, but I hope some church will hurry to offer him a chance to lead them into larger fields of growth and service.

—O. P. Estes, Bogalusa.

The brotherhood will sympathize with Dr. E. H. Marriner, pastor of The First Baptist Church, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in his sorrow. Mrs. Marriner died in Jackson, Tennessee, May 16th, after a lingering illness of some six months. The funeral was conducted Saturday afternoon by Dr. John Jeter Hurt. It was attended by a large crowd of sympathetic friends. Several deacons and the assistant pastor came from Hattiesburg. A large number of people came from Humboldt, Tennessee, where Dr. Marriner was pastor before going to Mississippi. Mrs. Marriner was a sympathetic and active supporter of her husband in all his work. In addition she was loved by all the people in the churches and in the cities where he served.

Mr. Ernest C. Drury, former Premier of Ontario, testified before the House Judiciary Committee at Washington on the Canadian system of liquor-control, "Effective control is impossible. Crime is increasing, drunkenness is increasing, motor accidents are increasing." He goes on to prove that sales of liquor are increasing tremendously, that arrests for drunkenness have increased from 11,370 under their prohibition law to 15,931 for the first year of their government control law, that violations of the liquor law increased from 3,958 under prohibition to 7,812 under the control law, that jail commitments increased from 11,371 for the last year of prohibition to 23,786 for the first year of the government control law, and that deaths from motor accidents increased from 298 for the last year of prohibition to 477 for the first year of government control. Last year they had increased to 561.—Selected.

Rev. J. N. Miller sends change of address from Wiggins, Miss., to Church Point, La.

In the past four months Bellevue Church in Memphis has received 371 new members.

Clarke College is conducting a Summer School with attractive courses, running from May 27th to Aug. 16.

Only one more issue of the paper this month. Please renew your subscription so that you will not miss an issue of the paper.

Send in your own renewal and secure the subscription of a friend who is not now a subscriber. Help us to place the paper in more "Baptist Homes."

We are in receipt of a copy of "Within Our Gates," the quarterly magazine issued in the interest of Spurgeons Orphans Homes. It is well illustrated and full of inspiring information.

Mississippi Womans College at Hattiesburg has a specially interesting announcement in the Record this week of their Summer School. Those who want to save time in securing their credits or a degree will do well to look it up.

Dr. A. J. Barton did not introduce his resolution in the Southern Baptist Convention protesting against the union of Northern Baptist and Campbellites. He believes that the Northern Baptists will not approve the union.

Mrs. M. A. Cole, of Houlika, is 82 years old, and is still trying to win souls to Christ. Her prayers are being answered. She has eight daughters and one son, all Baptists and married to Baptists. Among her children and grand children are 45 members of Baptist churches.

We appreciate the cooperation of the churches who have made their quarterly payments promptly but we have some who have yet failed to respond to our letters. Will you not let us have the amount due before the last of the month so that we may report your church paid up.

It would be hard to find a better dinner anywhere than one served to the Baptist Editors attending the Convention in New Orleans by Editor Tinnin of the Baptist Message, President Hamilton, of the Bible Institute, and Secretary Bristow, of the Baptist Hospital. It was a time of pleasant fellowship all around.

First Baptist Church, Kosciusko, recently held a revival meeting, in which Pastor H. R. Holcomb, Tupelo, preached. Pastor W. W. Grafton, Coldwater, led the singing, and Miss Sue Holcomb did personal work among young people. All three rendered eminently satisfactory service. The pastor baptized fifteen, and six came by letter. Our church is harmonious in fellowship. We are in the thirteenth year of our pastorate here.

—A. T. Cinnamon, pastor.

Sixty-one diplomas for the B.A. degree were given at Mississippi College last week. Miss Nellie Magee, of Clinton, received the Hillman Brough medal for highest scholarship. Other medals were given to Joseph Woodson for Freshman declamation; W. O. Vaught, Jr., of Rose Hill, for Sophomore declamation; Robt. E. Lee the medal for Junior oratory. Carroll Hamilton and Ray Turner were given the medals for extempore debate.

Dr. B. H. Lovelace preached the commencement sermon for the Clinton High School last Sunday from the text, "This one thing I do". On Monday night Dr. D. M. Nelson made the address to the graduating class of thirty boys and girls, about equally divided. Prof. Lasseter is superintendent and under his administration the school has come to be one of the best in the state. Recently the citizens of this school district voted a bond issue of \$65,000 with which to erect a new High School building, the present building to be used for a grammar school.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE MAY 25

Meridian First Church	1221
Okolona Church	178
Offering \$8.83	
Jackson First Church	671
Jackson Calvary Church	875
Jackson Griffith Memorial	298
Jackson Davis Memorial	354
Jackson Parkway Church	180
Brookhaven Church	605
Bogue Chitto Church	131

Money seems to flow in this country in unmeasured streams. Note some of the ways in which it is spent. To operate the pleasure automobiles of the country costs their owners \$3,500,000,000 a year. For tobacco \$2,000,000,000 is spent, while \$1,000,000,000 is eaten up in candy, and \$750,000,000 is spent for soft drinks. None of these things, except a part of the automobiles, can be considered necessities. The most worthwhile cause for which men spend money is the church. The gifts to all churches, for all causes, is \$469,000,000. This is a large amount, but compare it with the other items, and it ought to make Christian people bow in shame.—Presbyterian of the South.

I am doubtful about I. M. Doubtful. In last week's Record he writes his objections to a sensible plan proposed by our most experienced leaders after years of investigation and careful observation. Incidentally he admits receiving a salary of \$2700 from a church which pays only \$410 to Missions. No wonder he hides behind a pseudonym. My full time church pays me \$1200 salary and gives \$600 to Missions. Last year I was pastor of a half time church in Mississippi which paid the same. I trust some day to be the kind of pastor whose church will pay to pastor and Missions on the fifty-fifty plan. Try to snap out of your doubts and objections, Bro. I. M. D., and make your ministry more positive.—F. J. C.

Dr. Pitt, editor of the Religious Herald, has culled from Dr. Alldredge's report of gains and losses among Southern Baptists the following:

Sunday schools, 20,972, a loss of 472; Sunday school enrollment, 2,776,665, a loss of 20,464; Young People's Unions, 24,273, a gain of 1,423; B. Y. P. U. enrollment, 501,405, a gain of 841; Women's Missionary Societies, 27,690, a gain of 324; W. M. U. contributions, \$4,413,725.26, a loss of \$229,231.98; church houses, 21,420, a loss of 71; pastors' homes, 3,574, a gain of 48; value of all church property, \$213,327,088, a gain of \$7,621,139; gifts to local church purposes, \$31,695,818.86, a loss of \$829,302.04; gifts to missions and benevolences, \$7,641,330.12, a gain of \$238,541.64; grand total of contributions to all purposes, \$39,337,148.98, a loss of \$590,761.30.

Deacon Lafayette Cook, who owned a fine property at Cook Springs, Ala., has given it for the purpose of a school of evangelism. His gift consists of the hotel which has sixty rooms, eighteen cottages and fifteen hundred acres of timber land.

It is stated that the school will open June 1 and will annually run from June 1 to October 1. A strong management and faculty have been announced. It should serve a great purpose and we heartily wish for it all success.

Deacon Cook is well known in Alabama. The Lord has prospered him in material things and he is to be heartily congratulated for his benevolent deeds and his desire to extend the Kingdom of God among men. He has been one of the most liberal contributors to the Cooperative Program in the State.

Dr. Martin will be the field secretary for the school. As everyone knows he has given his life to evangelism. He has conducted revivals in all sections of the country and many thousands have been converted under his ministry. We hope his management and conduct of the school will be the crowning achievement of his eminently useful life.—Ala. Baptist.

Dr. J. B. Leavell is preaching in his meeting at First Church, Houston, Texas.

Dr. J. W. Provine made the address this week at the closing exercises of Jackson College.

Dr. R. T. Vann of North Carolina is in a hospital in Washington City for complete rest.

Pluto is the name given to the planet recently discovered which is most distant from the sun.

Dr. E. V. Baldy retires from the presidency of Judson College and locates at 2125 Sixteenth Ave. South, Birmingham.

Brookhaven Church has elected Mr. Morris Day as pastor's assistant, effective June first. Mr. Day comes from Seminary Hill, Texas.

Rev. R. A. Eddleman of Tunica and Mrs. George Jarman of Ruleville were among those admitted to the Baptist Hospital in Memphis this week.

Bro. John F. Measells of Pontotoc will conduct our annual revival at Chalybeate. We earnestly request the prayers of God's people for a great meeting.—R. L. Ray, Jr.

President of the University of Idaho has resigned because he says the trustees do not cooperate with him in his plans, including the subordination of athletics.

The New York Bible Society delivered 28,816 copies of the Bible to men on 65 battleships of the United States fleet recently in New York Harbor. Commanders of the ships expressed great appreciation.

Mrs. J. A. Lee writes on the train homeward bound that she and brother Lee are returning to Rolling Fork from Rochester, Minn. He is slowly but steadily improving and the doctors say he will be a well man before a great while.

Harold H. Snuggs, business manager of the Stout Memorial Hospital in China, showed moving pictures of missionary work in his field, at Central Church, McComb, recently. His father was an English missionary to the cannibals in Sumatra.

On Tuesday at a meeting of the trustees of the Mississippi Baptist Orphanage, Mr. Miller of Forest was elected Superintendent to succeed Mr. W. E. Thompson, resigned. This action was taken just before The Baptist Record went to press. We shall have a fuller report next week.

The voting for senator and governor in Pennsylvania did not agree with the Literary Digest Poll. The wet candidates made a poor showing. The candidate for governor to whom the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment gave \$100,000 was third in the race. Governor Pinchot, an announced dry, won in the race.

We are enabled to make a premium offer which many of our readers will be glad to take advantage of. To anyone who sends us two new subscribers we will send a copy of the Life of Dr. J. B. Gambrell by Dr. E. C. Routh. This is the only life of Dr. Gambrell on the market and we are fortunate in being able to make this offer. We are making this offer only during the month of June. Hurry and send us the two new subscriptions. They must be new subscribers. We make no other proposition.

The regular monthly meeting of the Northeast Mississippi Pastors' Conference will be with the Okolona Church Tuesday morning, June 3rd, at 9:30 o'clock. Only a half day meeting will be held this month owing to the District Three B. Y. P. U. Convention which meets at Okolona in the afternoon of the same day. All Baptist pastors of Northeast Mississippi are invited and urged to attend. Lunch will be served by the host church. All those planning to attend will please drop a card to Pastor L. C. Riley by June 1st. The theme of the meeting will be "Ministerial Ethics"—A. M. Overton.

Continued from page 3

peared in a tomb. His kingdom had shrunk to the narrow dimensions of a grave. His regal robes were now a shroud. His only crown—a crown of thorns. His only scepter—a weed. His only plaudits—taunts and spit. His only throne a blood-spotted cross. His only glory—shame. His only inaugural speech—a lonely cry! His only coronation companions—two thieves. His only reign—six hours torture on the bloody tree. His only coronation splendor—darkness that shrouded the world. His only king's cup—a sponge filled with vinegar and gall. They did not say that—they thought it.

Dead!

Dark, bleak, comfortless that night to their broken hearts. No star of hope in its black wastes. To them—dumb, stunned, bleeding under Golgotha's horrors—it was the last word, the final scene, a horror of disaster of defeat.

Death, whose only flowers are faded garlands on coffin lids, had trampled into lifeless dust the Rose of Sharon. Death, whose only music is the sob of broken hearts, had padlocked the mouth that so comfortingly had spoken to the sad. Death, whose only palace is a huge sepulchre, numbered him among his victims. Death, whose only light is the darkness of the tomb, had quenched the light of the world. Death, whose only pleasure fountains are the falling tears of the world, had closed the eyes of him who wept over Jerusalem. Death, whose only gold is the grave's dust had made his body a banquet for worms. Death, with skeleton hand, had written "Ichabod" on his claims.

Dead.

And—buried!

But there came a day when he resumed his power, recovered his challenged rights, regained his waning influence, reasserted his sacred grandeur. In the midst of his malignant enemies he arose, confounding their counsels, thwarting their efforts, laughing to scorn their malice. And, answering them thus, he sent down the ages the blest assurance that the grave is not our goal.

The resurrection of Jesus, the whole alphabet of human hope, the certificate of our Lord's mission from heaven, is the heart of the Gospel in all ages. His victory over death is the best established fact in human history. Yes. And a Roman cross is gesture against sin unless his tomb is empty—unless Jesus burst the bars of the grave, spurned the sepulchre wherein human hands laid him. "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (I Cor. 15:14). "If Christ be not risen, . . . ye are yet in your sins" (I Cor. 15:17). Upon his resurrection the apostles foundationed their message and mission, building all their hope and proclamation around his claimed and attested deity.

In this complement of his crucifixion—this acceptance of his perfect sacrifice—the divinely-chosen witnesses saw that the Christ who seemed to have lost himself on Clavary found himself in the exit from Joseph's tomb—the opposite of all that his crucifiers intended when they drove the nails. Christ's Cross, purposed from all eternity, prophesied through ages, peered into by angels, found its complement in the empty tomb where Jesus, wrested from Death's brow his black diadem, wrenched from his hand the cruel scepter, shivered at a blow his empire of skulls and skeletons, changed humanity's bleak winter to flowery summer—brought life and immortality to light (2 Tim. 1:10).

No risen Christ, a tomb as worthless as any tomb—a cross no more than a martyr's cross. No risen Christ—death a king of terror with no rival, a black shadow which no sun ever penetrates. No risen Christ—no trumpet to sound through death's dreary dominions to awake the dead from eternal sleep. No risen Christ, death mocks our hopes like a coarse comedian or heartless satirist. No risen Christ, death, inexorable jailor, imprisons us in the iron slumber of eternal night. No risen Christ—the whole history of Christianity and its existence is unintelligible. No risen Christ, no seeing again the faces of our redeemed dead, which we have "loved long since

and lost awhile"; and "they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (I Cor. 15:18). No risen Christ, the whole earth in deepest mourning dressed, will, like Rachel of old, go down to the judgment weeping for her children, finding no comfort.

"Christ died for our sins."

"He was buried!"

But he arose—the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest.

So! Christ is our

Contemporary

No shadow Christ of legend. No hypothetical Christ of sentimental conjuring. No immanent Christ of nature. No lifeless Christ of historical imagination. No dream Christ of culture and romance. No mere heroic Christ of poet's song. No artistic Christ of painter's brush. No marble Christ of sculptor's chisel. No ivory Christ on a crucifix, giving an expression of the worship of defeat. No dead-figure Christ protected by a creedal sarcophagus. No dead Christ. No radiant apparition Christ of yesterday. No Christ remote, inaccessible, no longer active in this world. No such Christ will answer our needs. But a living Christ—the eternal contemporary of humanity, the Leader on all new roads—offering his efficiency to our poor inadequacy.

This contemporary Christ enabled the first Christians to change the face of the world. Through them he emptied the temples of Athens, put out the altar fires of Diana, conquered Rome's iron arms, lit a lamp in Caesar's palace, set the banner of the Cross over a wider territory than the Roman eagles shadowed. Whenever hostilities confronted them, whenever tyranny exulted in sheer brutality, their courage rose with danger, and made their day one of shining exploits, eclipsing the dread shocks of the world by noble sacrifices, serenity, joy. But in this clever, erotic, agitated day, let us not give way to the mischievous suggestion that such achievements are curiosities of antiquated religious experience—that certain things happened long ago which are impossible now. God did not die when Stephen was stoned, when Paul was beheaded. Nor in the days of Luther, Cromwell, Wycliff. Nor when Carey and Judson died. Nor when Spurgeon, Moody, Whitfield. Nor when Broadus, Carroll, Graves, Gambrell, Love, died. Christ is among us now to make the power of God usable to the neediest. The answer to Elisha's question, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?", is the parted Jordan, giving evidence that though his servants be translated, he liveth—the same yesterday, today and forever. Not Christ crucified and risen as an airy abstraction, but as an omnipotent help and sympathy—too near to be missed, too certain to be doubted.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time" (I Peter 1:3-5).

Surely, because of all these truths, a joy, ever rich and abiding, ever strengthening, never weakening, shall fill our hearts when, going forth to the tasks of the kingdom, we know that he whom the grave could not hold is living—not shorn of his power, but, by all power in heaven and earth given unto him, mighty to honor faith with fellowship and power.

Alive, linking the exploits of the fathers to the achievements of the children, giving us, amid the snarling clamours of the day, voices that will not die away in error and incompetence.

Alive to the end of unending eternity—acknowledging no mastery in hostile circumstances, offering the inexhaustible fountains of his strength, keeping pace with the most unexpected challenges, original as the most novel circumstances, able, willing, mighty to help—our eternal contemporary. Centuries do not leave him behind. Knowing the worth of men centuries ago,

using them as channels through which the divine became articulate, he made out of crude fishermen, with no social prestige, no political pull, no purses, brave knights who challenged kings, carried the Gospel to the uttermost frontiers of heathendom, and marched as to a wedding to face the menace of death.

So he can do today with us, saving us from all our troubles, from self-satisfied religious mediocrity, from lolling and lounging when the bugles of duty call, as we face evils that would lead our greatest graces to the grave and leave the world no copy—leading us forth by the right way, giving us strength to walk forth to larger ambitions and achievements. He can keep us from making our religion a sentimentality, a kindly emotion, having impressions but no convictions, sensibilities but no mighty experiences. Shall we let him?

Dwelling no more with our losses, our griefs, responding sacrificially to the marching orders of his kingdom's great advance—shall we let him?

Putting relentless hands down into our hearts and tearing out by the roots everything that will not advance our Redeemer's cause—shall we let him?

Taking counsel no more of our fears, asking immunity no more from kingdom arenas where the fighting is fiercest and the blood flows freest—shall we let him?

Acting so that each tomorrow finds us farther than today, counting all things but loss that we may know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering, rejoicing that we are counted worthy to suffer for him—shall we let him?

Living no more on the fringes, content no more to toss about in the offing, that his way may be known upon the earth, his saving health among all nations,—shall we let him?

Speaking the truth that holds the world together, supports the stars and guides the tides yet stops at the doors of the humble to comfort the weary and the mourning, and stoops to lift up the fallen—shall we let him?

Looking up to that bloody cross where he died for our sins, becoming for us all that God must judge that we through faith in him might become all that God cannot judge—shall we let him?

Looking down into the empty tomb where we have the assurance that the resurrection trumpet shall find us and we shall live, no matter by what dissolution scattered—shall we let him?

Faithful all, and faithful unto bleeding, while our heavenward call is the spiritual melody of our earthward walk, faithful until the vanishing goals of time give place to the many mansions of the Father's house, faithful until the fountain of human tears has emptied its last bitter drop into the silver river of divine joy—shall we let him?

By the great end for which God made us, by the high honor of his trust in us, by the remorse we shall one day feel if we "being armed and carrying bows turn back in the day of battle," by the shame that will cover us at his appearing if we fail him, by the glory and sure reunions of that day when the resurrection trumpet shall sound with resonant thunder throughout death's vast empire, let us in Christ's name, taking up the tasks our bravest hopes once fixed upon, close with our opportunity with all our souls—put out the fires of every unworthy rest camp and rise and go—never forgetting that he who died for our sins and rose again according to the Scriptures, rises to go before us, our eternal contemporary, in a leadership that sets the pace and shares the dangers—in a leadership that is companionship as well as leadership.

"Our life is but a little holding lent

To do a mighty labor; we are one

With heaven and the stare when it is spent
To serve God's aim; else die we with the sun."

E N D

GOING TO COLLEGE

(By Hendon M. Harris, Field Representative of Mississippi College.)

Commencement days are here again and from four hundred (400) high schools in Mississippi

approximately four thousand (4000) graduates are going forth. It has been the writer's good fortune to address thousands of high school students during past weeks, and his heart was stirred at contacts with the youth in whose hands the future of our State lies. My main endeavor has been to present the claims of Mississippi College as a fitting plea to secure college training for boys graduating from high school.

For many of these boys the question arises.

Shall I go to College?

Notice the pronoun "I." This means that oftener than not the question is left largely for the boy himself to decide. Many parents seem relatively unconcerned and indifferent as to where or how and whether or not such training is secured.

This attitude may be due to the ignorance of the parent or his absorption in other matters. But in this day of blooded cattle and pedigreed poultry, the matter of the training of one's own children should not be an affair of casual concern or momentary attention. Not only the parents, but also the high school teachers, and especially the pastors should strive earnestly to stir in the high school graduate an ambition for complete preparation for the exacting demands of the life of today.

"Shall I go to College?" Yes, you should go, because:

1. You can go. You are not too poor to go—no, you are too poor not to go, for you cannot afford the expensive luxury of being ignorant if your earthly possessions are few. By working in vacation, loans, scholarships and awards anyone with determination and with no decisive handicap can complete a college course. A recent governor of our State graduated at Mississippi College after ten years of effort; he taught school every other year and went to college every other year. We are responsible for what we can do and today if one has ambition, energy and good health a college degree can be secured.

2. By going to college you will become outstanding. Observe these figures from Prof. Harry Clark: "Of each 100 children entering the fifth grade: 83 go into the sixth grade, 76 enter the seventh grade, 63 enter the eighth grade, 34 enter high school, 24 get as far as the second year, 18 go into the third year, 13 finish the fourth year, 7 enter first year college, 5 enter the second year of college, 3 enter the third year of college, 2 of the original 100 finish college.

"In other words, out of every fifty students entering the fifth grade, forty-nine fall by the wayside." If for no other reason, enlightened selfishness should stir a boy to strive for an outstanding place. A college education gives him an advantage of forty-nine to one.

3. Money is not the root of all evil; it is the sordid love of money which is a source of all kinds of evil. Indeed, it is our duty to make all the money we can legitimately and dedicate all to God. A college education increases earning capacities measured by educational preparation is approximately as follows:

Common school education gives an average life income of \$50,000. The earning peak is at 30 years, leaving 99 out of 100 dependent in old age. A High School education gives an average life income of \$75,000. The earning peak is at 40 years, and nine out of ten are dependent in old age. A college education gives an average life income of \$150,000 to \$200,000. The earning peak is at 60 years; only one in ten become dependent in old age.

4. A college education is an aid to understanding of God and humanity—that is, provided it is the right sort of college education. If our minds and emotions have been developed and properly trained, we can live on the heights and not among the low and grovelling things of life. What a joy it is to appreciate the wonder, beauty and glory of the world we live in and to understand the matchless privilege of service. An inner satisfaction comes to a truly educated man as he

Stewardship Department

By G. C. Hodge, Director of Stewardship and Budget

"Every member of every church contributing every week to every cause, in proportion to his ability"

THE TITHE WAS MADE FOR MAN

Common Sense in Common Words about a Much Misunderstood but Workable Principle of Christian Living.

By which is shown that the tithe is a free, voluntary, positive, profitable, purposeful, planned, intelligent, reverent and liberating idea; offered to all Christians as the outward and visible sign of their partnership with God in their possessions.

Four Approaches to the Tithe

You may come to the tithe idea by several separate ways. It isn't one of those peculiar doctrines that depend on giving a special twist to a single verse of Scripture.

LAW

There's the way of the law. Some object to traveling that way. But there it is—not merely the law of the Old Testament. It is older than that.

Like the law of the Rest-and-Worship Day; like the law of "One-man-for-one-woman," it is a law which got into the thought of men before there were any Ten Commandments, or any Hebrew tribe, or any Code of Hammurabi.

It is old, old; and though there are those who think it has been repealed entirely, nobody ever thought of changing its form. You never hear of a seventh, a twelfth, or a twentieth. As a law it was always the Sacred TENTH. If you come by the law road, you arrive at that.

EFFICIENCY

There's the way of Christian efficiency. The Tithe really works, for the Church; just as we have been told it would.

The testimonies in its favor are on record by multiplied thousands. It works almost too well. When a group in a church begins to practice it, or a group of churches, the tithers always carry a large overplus beyond their numerically proportionate share of the load.

Wherever it is applied, it settles the question of the support of every Christian enterprise, so far as the appliers are concerned. They are always "over the top" in their offerings.

SELF-INTEREST

There's the way of self-interest. People who think spirituality means something ethereal are apt to sniff at the linking of tithing with prosperity. But they can't sniff it away. There it is. Other things being equal, the tither is more prosperous than the non-tither, and always will be. He can't help it.

This isn't magic. It isn't "materialism." It certainly isn't superstition, for superstition naturally can't be proved. The prosperity of tithers can be.

We pray for material blessings. Why be surprised when they come?

Tithing does not make poor land fertile. It does not turn tornadoes aside. It does not make up for the tither's lack of any other Christian virtue, or for the limitations that produce differences of ability.

But it works for prosperity, none the less.

It calls for conscience in dealing with what possessions we have.

It develops foresight.

It fosters an increasing dislike of waste and needless spending.

It requires the keeping of records, and encourages budgeting, which always tends to cut down useless and wasteful expenses.

looks out on God's universe and exclaims as Kepler, the great astronomer did, looking at the glow of distant planets; "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!"

The tither must think about his income not only when he is earning it, but also when he is spending it.

That habit alone will protect him at times from spending uselessly as much as his tithe amounts to.

LOVE

And, best of all, there's the way of grateful love. In glad recognition that all we have is God's giving, we devote a definite proportion of his gift directly to the work we believe he wants done in the world.

This way is the way of liberation. No man can follow it and be unhappy. Either it will bring its own happiness or it will not be practiced.

The tither can't be a pinch-penny, or a doleful contributor to the running expenses of the Kingdom to which he belongs. He is so free he can be hilarious about it.

This way takes all the nuisance-value out of "appeals." To the tither, "appeals" are like his banker's list of possible investments. He doesn't invest in every one he hears about; but he isn't annoyed when the banker submits the list.

It is the most workable, practical and generally feasible way of making good as to those songs and prayers which on many Christian lips are hopelessly unreal, "Were the whole realm," and so forth.

"Yes, But Answer Me This"

Why should I tithe, when I give so much personal service?

Because you can't give enough forms of personal service to discharge your full obligation as a servant of God, unless you give so much that you have no income. The biggest givers of themselves are pretty sure to be tithers of their incomes, too.

The non-tithing missionary is a rare and queer bird. Missionaries give personal service from eight to eighteen hours a day. On top of that they are tithers, plus. And they are no more obligated to be tithers, or personally devoted to God's work, than I am.

But they are specialists, and so are we. They can't earn their own support. Therefore, you and I support them. We are to be tithers, plus what personal service we are able to render.

I once knew three people in one family who sang in the choir. When the every-member canvass was on they said, "If we were paid, as many singers are, we should get not less than five dollars a Sunday. Put the Barnacles down for fifteen dollars a week—in service."

You see where that would come out, don't you? The pastor would be paid—in service. The coal would be bought—by service. The janitor would live on service.

Is not a tenth too large a proportion for people in moderate circumstances?

Well, look at Sunday. It takes out a seventh of the time; a whole day's labor. Instead of ten per cent, it is more than fourteen per cent of our time.

Yet most of even the very poorest who are self-supporting at all manage to do without seven-day work. Because they keep Sunday, they seem to be short in possible earnings almost half as much again as the tithe amounts to. The civilized, the Christian world, is adjusted to six-day toil. If it adopted the seven-day week for the sake of more pay, the losses would offset the gains.

Besides, being a Christian increases the value of a man's income, as is shown more fully further on. Also being a Christian means that I must recognize my relation to all the people and the work of God. I must offer some part of my income to that work.

(From The Layman Company's Pamphlet No. 40.)

(Continued next week)

W. M. U.

The Subscription Clinic

Characters:

Dr. Cureall (woman doctor in white costume), Nurse Faith Fixit (dressed in nurse's uniform), Miss Near Sighted (Y. W. A. Girl), Miss Dumb Bell, Miss Lane Lady, Mrs. Hard of Hearing, The Underweight Twins, Miss Heart Weary.

Directions:

There should be a doctor's office table on the platform, with bottles of various sizes on the table; also several boxes of gauze, absorbent cotton, etc.; spectacles, stethoscope, and other medical supplies. Two chairs, one for the doctor behind the table and one for the patient beside the table, will complete the necessary equipment.

The doctor may have copy of the play open on her desk to aid her memory, with her own speeches underlined in red ink for quick reference; the nurse will find it a decided help to have her part written on the cards which she supposedly fills in for each patient and files in an index case on the doctor's table.

When the play opens the doctor is seen seated behind her table, reading.

(Enter the Nurse.)

Nurse: The waiting room is filling up, Doctor Cureall, are you ready for the first patient?

(Doctor absent-mindedly nods her head.)

Nurse: (Opening waiting room door.) The doctor is ready for you, Miss Near Sighted. Let me help you in! (Holds out hand and guides patient to the chair beside the desk.)

Doctor: (Closing book and looking up.) Why, good afternoon, Miss Near Sighted. I am distressed to see you in this condition. What seems to be the difficulty?

Miss Near Sighted: Oh, Dr. Cureall, I can't see! I can't see a thing that isn't directly under my nose. Do you suppose you could possibly do something for me?

Doctor: How long have you been this way, Miss Near Sighted?

Miss Near Sighted: Well, I don't know exactly doctor. I suppose it has been growing on me gradually. The strange part of it is I don't have a bit of trouble seeing familiar objects.

Doctor: Ah, now that's a very important symptom. Very important, indeed! Are you one of those people who say, "Charity begins at home?"

Miss Near Sighted: Indeed I am! I'd like to know who else is going to take care of America if we don't!

Doctor: Very true, but I fear in your case it is producing astigmatism. Nurse Fixit, please hand me the lenses. (Nurse hands Doctor a pair of goggle glasses, over the lenses of which have been pasted large circles of white paper; on one lens is printed in black letters clear enough for the audience to read the word—"World," on the other lens the word "Vision.")

Doctor: (Standing behind her and adjusting the glasses.) These are my famous World Vision lenses of which I make a specialty. Tell me how they seem to fit?

Miss Near Sighted: (Clasping her hands ecstatically.) Ah, Doctor, Doctor! I see the most charming little girl.

(Enter, one at a time, a number of small children, dressed as Japanese, Chinese, Indian, Mexican, immigrant, etc. One child carries a good sized placard bearing in large black lettering the title, "The Window." The others carry copies of THE WINDOW.)

Miss Near Sighted: (Reads Y. W. A. Magazine, "The Window.") Oh, why didn't I know of these marvelous glasses sooner? They make the whole wide world seem near at hand! What a frightfully near-sighted creature I have been! Oh, thank you, Doctor, thank you!

Doctor: (Shaking hands with her as she rises.) Don't mention it, young lady. I think you will be relieved to know that the charge is very slight. For this world vision, obtained through The Window, \$1.00 per year.

Miss Near Sighted: (Opens her purse and gives Doctor \$1.00.) I never spent money which gave me such insight and pleasure. Thank you once more, Doctor Cureall. Good-day. (Exit.)

(Enter Nurse with Miss Dumb Bell, who hands Nurse a letter.)

Nurse: (Reading aloud.) This is to introduce to Dr. Cureall, Miss Dumb Bell. She claims that she is not able to speak at missionary meetings. Her church family would be grateful if you could diagnose the trouble.

Doctor: (Sympathetically, jots down a note about this new case.) Well, that must be a great sorrow to you, Miss Dumb Bell. Have you had this affliction very long? (Miss Dumb Bell nods her head affirmatively.)

Doctor: And are you grieving over it deeply? (Miss Dumb Bell shakes her head negatively.)

Doctor: What? You don't really mind it? Doesn't it cause you to lie awake nights? (Miss Dumb Bell wags "No!")

Doctor: But surely it spoils your appetite? (Miss Dumb Bell again shakes her head.)

Doctor: But, Miss Dumb Bell, this is really very serious indeed! People who can't get up voice enough to speak at missionary meetings are in a bad way. Kindly open your mouth and let me examine your throat. (Looks down her throat.) Curious! It seems quite normal. (Presses the outside of her throat gently.) Miss Dumb Bell, how many times have you spoken at missionary meetings? (Miss Dumb Bell holds up one finger.)

Doctor: Ah, only once! And did you feel that you had fizzled? (Miss Dumb Bell nods a vigorous affirmative.)

Doctor: (Reaches in his desk drawer.) I thought so! My dear young lady, your trouble is injured pride and not a paralyzed throat! All you need is something suitable to say and here is a paper called THE BAPTIST RECORD, I prescribe for you at \$2.00 per year. When you once read this, Miss Dumb Bell, you will become a veritable chatterbox in public, for there's something to fit every occasion. Will you promise to read this at least once a week? Here is the devotional page, messages from outstanding preachers and missionaries, the editorial page, besides the Sunday School, B. Y. P. U. and W. M. U. pages. (Miss Dumb Bell agrees with a radiant smile and departs with the paper.)

(Enter Nurse assisting Mrs. Lane Lady.)

Doctor: Why, Mrs. Lane Lady, I am sorry to see you in this sad state. How did you ever become so lame?

Mrs. Lane Lady: (Sinking into a chair with her feet stretched out stiffly on the carpet.) Oh, Doctor, I had to get up a missionary program, and I fell down on the job!

Doctor: Ah, programitis, I see. Very bad! Mrs. Lane Lady, did it ever occur to you that you lacked sufficient support to carry off a program alone? Nurse, bring me the Home and Foreign Fields crutch. (Exit Nurse. Returns with crutch, or cane, hung with copies of Home and Foreign Fields.)

Doctor: Now, Mrs. Lane Lady, this will help you over every style of meeting, for one of the most foolish and unnecessary things you women do is to undertake programs alone, especially as the denomination can place at your disposal such supports as Home and Foreign Fields. Just try it for a month or two, and let me know if it isn't a perfect fit.

Mrs. Lane Lady: (Adjusts the crutch and walks away jubilantly calling back over her shoulder.) Oh, this is wonderful, Doctor! I don't have to depend on my own understanding (points at her feet) at all! Good-by, and thank you!

(Enter two very thin little children, hand in hand.)

Doctor: Well, who have we here?

Girl Twin: If you please, sir, we're the Underweight Twins, and Mother worried because we're so thin!

Doctor: I should think she would worry! Malnutrition is written all over you.

Girl Twin: (Walks in a circle all around the Boy Twin, looking him up and down very thor-

oughly; then:) If you please, sir, where's it written on brother?

Doctor: (Laughing.) Written in his table of contents, little lady. Anyhow, I can soon find out, when you've given me your daily literary diet. What do you like best?

Boy Twin: The funnies, the Mut and Jeff.

Girl Twin: Fairy stories!

Doctor: (Nodding.) I thought so! It's too thin a bill of fare; if you want to grow up into robust church member you must receive the milk of the Word, you must have the staff of life; so I'm going to prescribe WORLD COMRADES. Nurse, bring this in. (Exit nurse. Returns with a tray containing a quart milk bottle with World Comrades rolled tightly and placed in the bottle.)

Nurse: (Setting tray on the table.) Come, now, and take your nourishment like good children.

Girl Twin: Taking magazine and (pointing and crying with delight:) "Oh, just, look, brother! Isn't that the nicest picture?"

Boy Twin: Take a look at this, Sis, isn't it great?

Doctor: (To the Nurse.) Isn't it pathetic that mothers deliberately omit such appetizing articles of diet which would make their children husky, hearty little Christians? Come on, my dears, time to go.

Twins: (In a duet.) But we haven't nearly finished yet!

Doctor: Then take WORLD COMRADES along with you, if you like.

Twins: Oh, thank you! We'd love to! It's too good to leave behind!

(Doctor and Nurse bow. Nurse goes to waiting room and beckons to Mrs. Hard of Hearing, who enters, shakes hands with the Doctor and talks in a somewhat harsh monotone, and whenever a remark is made to her, cups her hand behind her ear to catch it.)

Doctor: Well, Mrs. Hard of Hearing, what can I do for you?

Mrs. Hard of Hearing: Eh, what say? Am I a Jew? No, I am not! I'd have you know that I'm a good dyed-in-the-wool Baptist, and my parents before me. Jew, indeed! Only Gentiles interest me, sir! (Bristles with anger, and swishes her skirts as she rearranges them.)

Doctor: (Leaning nearer and talking much louder.) You misunderstood me, Mrs. Hard of Hearing. I said, "What can I do for you?"

Mrs. Hard of Hearing: (Cupping her hand behind her ear.) Ey? What say?

Doctor: (Raising hands in despair.) Deaf as a post, indeed! Nurse Fixit bring me that wonderful ear trumpet equipment we've been trying out lately. (Exit Nurse. Returns with Royal Service, pins, brass paper fasteners, scissors.)

Doctor: One of the best acousticons I have ever recommended to my patients is this missionary magazine called ROYAL SERVICE. First, I open it in the middle, this way; then I roll it into a cone, like this; after which I pin it here and there, using these brass fasteners through holes, which I punch with my surgical scissors. Now, Mrs. Hard of Hearing, hold this against your worst ear. Can you hear anything?

Mrs. Hard of Hearing: Mercy on us! What's happening? I seem to be listening to the entire universe. (Doctor nods jubilantly.)

Through the open door come a babel of confused voices all taking at once, then one at a time they separate into single statements, eloquently rendered by different voices:)

Hear! Hear, Editorial by Mrs. W. J. Cox.

Hear! Hear, Bible Study and Family Altar pages in Royal service.

Hear! Hear, letters from your missionaries!

Hear! Hear, gripping stories of converted heathen.

Hear! Hear, Pray Ye page and Calendar of Prayer.

Hear! Hear, fascinating programs telling of our work far and near.

Hear! Hear, pictures, poems, book reviews, statistics.

(Continued next week)

The Baptist Record

Published every Thursday by the
Mississippi Baptist Convention
Board

Baptist Building
Jackson, Mississippi

R. B. GUNTER, Cor. Sec'y
P. I. LIPSEY, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 a year, payable in
advance

Entered as second-class matter April 4,
1918, at the Post Office at Jackson, Missis-
sippi, under the Act of October 3, 1911.

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East Mississippi Department

By R. L. Breland

"Convention Impressions"

The 1930 session of the Southern Baptist Convention will go down in history as one that marks a change in some things. We Baptists of the South are a bit unsteady along some lines just now, and there was some apprehension that it would be a stormy meeting; but it was as calm as we usually have, marked here and there with characteristic Baptist combats which we have been having ever since that day in the long ago when Baptist Paul and Baptist Peter had their scrap at Antioch.

The election of Dr. W. J. McGlothlin to be President of the Convention was wise I think. Of course, many of us would have rejoiced at having Deacon Love, our own statesman, given this great honor which he is so well fitted to fill with credit, but he is young and can wait for next time. Dr. M. E. Dodd, who came so near to the goal, is also well fitted for this place, and many of us would have delighted to honor him, but there were too many good men in the race, just could not elect all.

Dr. R. G. Lee, the best orator among us, perhaps, started us off with the proper taste in our mouth when he delivered that masterful sermon on the first morning. It was a gem of eloquence, rhetoric, scriptural truth and spiritual fervor—simply a feast of good things that caught the heart of those present; and he did not read it from manuscript, but delivered it right out of his heart. Thank you, Doctor.

It was reported that there are 100 Negro Baptist churches in New Orleans—only 18 white Baptist churches. This is significant since it is a city where 75% of the white population is Catholic. These thousands of Negro Baptists may be crude in their form of worship and not always certain of their position Baptistically speaking perhaps, but they are set to stem the tide of image worship in that priest-ridden city. Let us pray for them.

The greatest Home Mission asset we have today is found in the Baptist Bible Institute and the Southern

Baptist Hospital in New Orleans. They are located in the most needy section of our territory, where 90% of the people are Catholic or non-Christian, and they are reaching and rescuing the "common people". We must make them live and grow.

Speaking of the above institutions, it is said that Baptist membership has increased fourfold and Baptist churches threefold since the first one began work in New Orleans 13 years ago; thus in 13 years, with these institutions there, we have accomplished four times as much as was done during the 100 years preceding. This is in the city direct. Just outside the city is a vast territory where almost heathenism is universal; in this vast territory of a half-million souls a fine work is being done. If some one, or more, who has the money and want to place it where it will bring greatest returns for the Lord, I would suggest that they endow B. B. I. with it.

While Baptists are depressed now because of decline in contributions and the large indebtedness on our boards and institutions, yet there were no notes of pessimism sounded out by the leaders, thank the Lord. Have faith in God and go forward, was the battle cry. Especially was this true of that masterful speech of Dr. J. B. Lawrence, Executive Secretary of our Home Board. The stock of the Home Board went up many points in the minds of the hearers because of this address, and Dr. Lawrence entrenched himself fully in the hearts of the people. Let's go!

"A brighter day is dawning for our Baptist cause", was the general feeling of those attending the Convention. Let us look for, pray for and expect revivals along spiritual lines, along financial lines and along the line of a greater faith in God that will sweep millions into the kingdom of God, pay all our debts and renew our courage and zeal for the work of the kingdom. The future of our work is as bright as the promises of God and our faith to appreciate them. Let us go forward.

Notes and Comments

We regret exceedingly that Rev. E. S. Flynt has resigned as pastor of Calhoun City Baptist Church. He has done some fine work there during his two years pastorate.

The church at North Carrollton will conduct a revival meeting about the middle of June. The pastor will do the preaching, with some one perhaps to lead the singing.

Regret very much the continued serious illness of Mrs. Husbands of Clarksdale. She is the mother of Mrs. Lummus, wife of Pastor F. A. Lummus of Carrollton.

Rev. D. A. (Scotch) McCall of Griffith Memorial Baptist Church, Jackson, will do the preaching in the Coffeeville meeting beginning June 29; Rev. W. W. Grafton will lead the singing.

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CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY NIGHT—APRIL 20, 1930 The Resurrection and Baptism Romans 6:4

Paul has been speaking in a very striking fashion about salvation by grace.

There should be no chapter division here, for this is a continuation when he asks:

"What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?"

What a question is this! Grace reigns, but let us not forget that grace reigns through righteousness. Grace can never reign except through righteousness.

I think I told you once of a dear old Presbyterian friend of mine in Arkansas who says she was talking to a scoffer about the doctrine of salvation by grace and this scoffer replied, "If I believed as you do I'd just go on and have my fill of sin." Then, I could see the sweet ladylike smile on her face as she said, "Then I asked him how much sin does it take to fill a Christian?" It's quite a question, isn't it? I repeat, that grace can reign only through righteousness. Let us never forget the text, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Not in their sins, but from their sins. Paul very appropriately asks the question, "How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" A dead man can't do anything; if he is dead to sin he will not sin. The Bible reminds us that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Yes, I'd rather depend on a living ant to help me than a lion which is dead. I'd rather depend upon a living pauper than a dead prince. Carrying out this same idea of death Paul says:

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

The climax of the whole proposition here is "Walk in newness of life." And to walk in newness of life is to live the baptized life. Yes, for "Put off," says Paul, "the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man." Now, you cannot find anywhere this thing so dramatically set forth as in the ordinance of baptism; for in the ordinance of baptism as practiced by Jesus you will find His resurrection and yours you will find represented the important fact that we have died unto sin and have risen to walk in newness of life; and you find it nowhere else. Brother Furr and I have a funeral tomorrow at 2 o'clock, but suppose we go to the cemetery, we put the casket on the ground and sprinkle a handful of dirt over it. then have the benediction, start away. Somebody will come and say, "Brother Cox, you came out here to bury this man but you haven't buried him." Then suppose I take a vessel filled with earth and pour it on the casket, and then have the benediction. They will still object, "You came to bury this man but you haven't buried him." Then suppose we take the casket, put it in the grave with the man upright and

Continued on page 16



In Memoriam

Henry Jefferson Pritchard was born on April 22nd, 1889, near Gorman in Eastland County, Texas, and died at Dallas, Texas, on April 21st, 1930, within one day of being 41 years of age. He was converted when eleven years of age, and started to preach when nineteen, and had the high tribute paid to his character and gifts that he was called to be pastor of his home church, and to teach school in his own community. We see in these early Christian graces the fact that he was a worthy son of a worthy sire, for his father has been a great Christian from early years and a Sunday School superintendent for over a score of years.

Brother Pritchard valued education highly, and graduated from Simmons University, from Baylor University with his A.M. degree, and from the Southwestern Seminary with his Th.M. degree, and had most of his work done for his Doctor's degree.

While at the Seminary, Brother Pritchard married Miss Ora Belle Hicks, and to this happy marriage were born H. J., Jr., who is now nine years of age, and who promises to worthily perpetuate his father's good name.

Of a surety Brother and Sister Pritchard's marriage must have been made in Heaven, for they loved one another with a love that was more than love, with a love beautiful and glorified. They took their theological training together, they loved and laughed and toiled and prayed together, they watched and worked for souls with a oneness of purpose that was sublime. Her friends will not cease to pray for her in this hour of sore bereavement.

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The Sunday School Department

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

June 1, 1930

—o—
CONTRAST BETWEEN FAITHFULNESS AND SLOTHFULNESS. (Matt. 25:14-46).

GOLDEN TEXT... Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. (Matt. 25:21).

(From Points for Emphasis by H. C. Moore).

1. The Reason for Faithfulness appears in the trust of the talents. The man representing the Master is central in the story. He was proprietor of servants and goods both before and after the distribution. He could not have better shown faith in his servants than he did, entrusting all his property to them. He did not impose upon them either by overtax or underwork, but measured their capacity and dealt with each accordingly. That is, each servant had all he could do but no more. Then the master went on his journey into another country.

2. The Responsibility for Faithfulness is involved in the use of the talents. His owner was hardly out of sight when the first servant got busy at his task. With industry and initiative he traded with his five talents, so developing them that he exactly duplicated them. Neither did the man with two talents dilly-dally or delay, but wrought with all discretion and diligence until he too had doubled his endowment. But he who received one talent did nothing with it but hide it in the earth, live at his lord's expense, and give himself over to absolute idleness.

3. The Reward of Faithfulness is pictured in the return of the talents. The master was long absent, but at last he returned and the day of reckoning came. The first two servants, having doubled the number of talents given them, had been equally faithful, and so they both received exactly the same commendatory reward. The master's "well done" was enough; but there was also promotion to greater responsibility and higher service; and finally as the crown of all there was the joy of the master, the joy of fellowship and partnership and purpose, into which the servant enters as a minnow in the ocean or earth in the universal ether.

4. The Ruin of Unfaithfulness is pictured in the fate of the man who buried his talent. For his slothfulness he rendered a wicked excuse. He charged his lord with harshness and greediness of nature and feigned a timid fear which forbade the use of his trust. Then coldly and under compulsion he returned to the owner the talent he had received. The master was not too severe on the unfaithful servant. The reproach was deserved, for he was wicked toward his master and slothful toward his talent. The deprivation of the talent was doing for him in penalty no more than he himself had done in neglect. And the expulsion

of the unfaithful man from the master's protection was simply the logic of his own deeds. But alas, that meant outer darkness with its agony of raining tears and gnashing teeth. So he was condemned, not because he had only one talent, but because he would not use what he had.

Opportunity Week for Teachers of Organized Classes

Under the auspices of the Young People's-Adult Department, the Baptist Sunday School Board is fostering a special week of training for teachers of organized classes at Ridgecrest, N. C., July 27-August 3.

This will be an extraordinary opportunity for teachers to spend a week in "The Land of the Sky." The atmosphere and scenery at Ridgecrest is refreshing and beautiful. For climate, scenery, and recreation I do not believe there is a place comparable to Ridgecrest and western North Carolina east of the Mississippi River.

The program is exceedingly practical and well arranged.

Each morning at ten-thirty there will be a demonstration of teaching the lesson by Dr. G. S. Dobbins and John Caylor.

From eleven until eleven thirty there will be open discussion of the lesson as demonstrated.

At this time each morning an address will be delivered on The Teachers Preparation. The speakers on this subject will be: Dr. G. S. Dobbins, Mr. John Caylor, and Dr. Louie D. Newton.

Each evening of this week there will be a demonstration of Methods in the work of these departments. Dr. John R. Sampey of Louisville, delivers an address each evening on Representative Men and Women of the Old Testament.

This is a helpful, practical, much needed program. Many should go.

—Wyatt R. Hunter.

LET US BE BAPTISTS

The special session of the Convention is history. The future will prove whether the majority or the minority was right in their contentions.

I voted with the minority. I believed that Clarke College should have been continued. I believed with all my soul that the Orphanage should have remained in Jackson.

I am a Baptist. I believe in full and free discussion. I believe in everyone voting as his best judgment dictates. I believe in cheerfully yielding to the will of the majority. Therefore, I hope that all who voted as I did, will prove that we are good losers and therefore good Baptists.

—Homer H. Webb, pastor. Liberty, Miss.

—BR—
"Shirts that laugh at the laundry," was advertised by a certain firm. One of ours, bought elsewhere, has such a keen sense of humor that it arrived home the other day with its sides split.—Punch.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH

—o—
What IS death? There are many things we DO know about it, but MORE we do NOT know and WILL NOT know as long as we are here.

In many places in the Bible it is represented to us as "a sleep" but in more places the history of individuals closes with these three words "and he died". The account of Stephen's death closes with "he fell asleep". Acts 7:60.

Paul in discussing who saw Christ after His resurrection said "he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep." 1 Cor. 15:6. In 2 Pet. 3:4 the generations gone are spoken of as the "fathers fell asleep".

Read Paul in 1 Thes. 4:13-18 and note his use of the word "sleep".

"But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you, by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead (those which are asleep in Jesus) in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive (in Jesus) and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with

the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words".

Reader, what idea do you get from the word **sleep** in these passages?

We are taught in 2 Pet. 3:8, also in Ps. 90:4 "that a thousand years is as a day with the Lord". I understand that shows us something of His greatness, but will the "sleep of death" make a thousand years as a day to the dead? Are all the generations that have fallen asleep still in a dormant state? If so I can see why John, in describing the judgment day in Rev. 20:13, said "The sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them".

In regard to life and death there are two things we are not responsible for—could not prevent nor change if we would—first we are here; second we must die. Dust thou art" and "unto dust shalt thou return".

The serious, vital question to us—one we can have something to do with—is found in Jesus' own words—"Be ye also ready" (with the reason), "For ye know not the day nor hour when the Son of man shall come". May we be ready for our exit.

—J. L. Williams, Enterprise, Miss., R. 3.

Rastus (after a visit to the doctor): "Dat doctah sure am a funny man."

Wife: "How come?"

Rastus: "Made me swallah two cartridges filled with powder, and then told me not to smoke. As if Ah would!"—Exchange.

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Teachers' licenses renewed on any of this work.

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Tuition \$15.00 per term. Board and room \$33.00 per term. Arrangements are made for full acceptance of credits, and for completion of the school, even if the Orphanage should begin work on the property at any early date.

JOHN F. CARTER, Director, Newton, Mississippi.

Two Additional Dollar Books

PUBLISHED BY BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD

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A series of sermons—thoughtful, scriptural, logical, sympathetic—on a theme of paramount importance to every thinking man. Almost every question raised by this subject is answered, and the various theories concerning it are examined and weighed. It is unusual to find in one small volume such a wealth of material and such a satisfying analysis of various positions. Through it all the author keeps clearly before the reader the distinct and simple thread of Bible truth,—the only real light in the midst of more or less plausible speculation.

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NEWTON AND THE ORPHANAGE

Much has been said in the Baptist Record and the Daily Press about discontinuing Clarke College and the removal of the Baptist Orphanage from Jackson to Newton and especially the Newton people's attitude toward this removal which we will discuss further on in this article.

We of course are heart broken over discontinuing the College, an Institution which has stood the storm of the ages for 22 years, the most stormy period the world has ever known, with a limited number of strong supporters and they financially weak, but we have only this to say. If we have sought and found the will of the Master in it we are satisfied, otherwise we are not.

Now as to moving the Orphanage to Newton and Newton's attitude, we believe our arms are extended as far as any could be toward receiving this institution and that we can offer to those unfortunate ones as good educational advantages as any county in the State and that our county will be as favorable toward a school for them as is necessary for the establishment and maintaining same.

We feel further that there is something far more important than all this, the proper environments and church facilities, and we believe that our environments are as wholesome as any city or town in the State and that our church opportunities are equal to any, and that our present Pastor, Rev. J. E. Wills, has the power and tact to serve in this capacity equal to any in the land and that his ability in the pulpit is unsurpassed. It is true that our church is not located as conveniently to the grounds as some places might offer but Cities and towns have changed church locations and Newton is no exception.

It has been said that we have no Baptist hospital to do free work, which is true but we do have one of the best Baptist surgeons in Miss. in a private hospital who can take care of all emergency cases and such chronic cases as can wait can be taken to the Baptist Hospital at a very small expense, as we have plenty trains going to Jackson daily.

I felt as mayor of our town, as a Baptist and trustee of college, would like to say this.

Yours for service,

—W. L. McMullan.

SOME GOOD MEETINGS

On April the 16th, Bro. Simmons, the evangelist, and the writer, began a meeting with the good people at the Great Southern Logging Camp. The first service was held on the commissary porch with but few people. The day following wood blocks and lumber were secured for seats, the seats were arranged, a platform erected, and lights secured. Then we were ready for a good open air service with the finest of weather. Interest was manifested from the beginning and the crowds enlarged each service. A fine service was held each morning in the spacious dining hall, a service for the children each afternoon, services were held in the homes of the sick, and one evening Bro. Simmons spoke to the

negroes. On Easter Sunday morning Bro. Simmons spoke to a large crowd on "Religion In The Home." Indeed, it was one of the finest sermons I have ever heard. Now some of the results.

We had no church to receive any one for baptism, however, several made professions of faith and promised to unite with the Union Baptist Church, as it is the nearest to the camp, a Sunday school was organized and literature ordered, song books secured, and the people voted to have preaching at least once each month and to erect a place of worship in the near future. We enjoyed our stay in the camp very much as the spirit, fellowship and hospitality were the very best.

On April the 27th, Rev. W. R. Storie and the writer arrived at Mendenhall where we labored together with the good people for eleven days. Tho an independent meeting, we had the finest cooperation possible from all the people and the good pastors of the city. The morning services were held in the churches and each evening in the court house. We had great crowds, good attention, and a fine spirit. People came to the services from many miles away, some came who had not attended a service for years, at the same time the faithful were there for each service. It was a great privilege to have fellowship with Bro. Williams and Bro. Strait and their good people. Indeed, they are a great people in a great place.

Bro. Storie is an earnest, faithful worker, consecrated, prayerful and congenial. He has a great message for the saved as well as for the unsaved. There were several additions to the churches and the Sunday schools were enlarged. We are invited for another meeting in the future.

Rev. W. A. Greene and the writer will assist Rev. J. A. Cothen and the church at Richton in a meeting beginning the 21st of this month. Pray for us. I have an open date for the fifth Sunday in June and week following.

—Atley J. Cooper.

REBELLION AGAINST GRACE

It seems strange, but it is a fact that the human race have in all generations rebelled against the grace of God. What is the grace of God? It is the unmerited favor of the infinitely holy God, bestowed upon the infinitely unworthy, unmerited by man. But while it is true that grace is unmerited, yet it is not unconditional.

God offers salvation by grace, and eternal life as a gift, to every human being, but never thrusts it upon them unconditionally. Now, I know that sounds like a contradictory statement, but it is not. So then, if it is a fact that grace is unmerited, and yet not unconditional, what is the condition upon which it is received that has no merit in it? The only possible condition upon which the grace of God is received is faith. The human heart rebels against grace, because to receive forgiveness of sins, and justification, and eternal life by grace through faith alone, humbles a man, and pride rebels against it; for the simple reason that man wants some

recognition of himself. And to acknowledge that he is sinful, corrupt, unrighteous and unable to perform any act of meritorious obedience acceptable to God, humbles him in the dust; and most men rebel against it and persist—as did Cain—to offer their own righteousness as a condition to receive God's grace. Now, that is impossible for the reason that grace would cease to be grace if it was merited by human obedience. How is it that faith does not come in contact with grace to destroy it, as does works or human merit? Right here is the whole secret. God loves men and He is merciful, yet He is just and cannot extend mercy to a sinner until his sins have been atoned for. It was in the mind and heart and purpose of God before the foundation of the world to bear the punishment for sins in the sinners place, in the second person of the Trinity whom He gave, and set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood.

No man can pay the penalty for his own sins any other way except to suffer for them in hell. But God being merciful, sent His own Son into the world to bear our sins in His own body on the cross, and to be made sin for us, in our room and stead, as our substitute that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him; and that God might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

God has not made any other provision through which to bestow His grace on a sinner, except for him to acknowledge his unworthiness and helplessness and receive salvation purely by grace through faith in Christ, whose merit, whose sacrifice, whose blood infinitely satisfies the supreme demands of a just God. But alas! men rebel against it. Some thrust it from them with a laugh and scorn it as though they do not need it. Others realize their need of it, but undertake to persuade God to bestow it upon them by persisting in offering their own works or obedience. Pride and prejudice are responsible for more people going to hell than any other one thing. The proud-hearted, religious man will say: "Salvation wholly of grace through faith alone, giving all the honor and all the glory to the Son of God, is a dangerous doctrine!" You ask him why, and he will button up his coat, and swell out his chest, and turn to one side from you, as though he was afraid he might become inoculated with some of the virus with which he thinks you are filled, and with a look of scorn upon his face, he will say: "Such a doctrine gives men a license to sin!"

Others, who are not so bound up with self-pride will say: "That can't be true for it would make salvation too easy." But it does not ever seem to dawn upon their minds that

they are rebelling against the grace of God.

God says: "By grace are ye saved through faith." Why is it that men will not grab it like a hungry fish grabs the hook baited with the worm? I will tell you why: Men do not believe God. They do not believe that God meant what he said when He said: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Hell will be filled with men who rebel against the grace of God. And the whole cause is unbelief. Men will not believe God. It is sad.

—J. E. Heath.

Winona, Miss.

A BAPTIST BIBLE INSTITUTE EXPERIENCE

By Berkman Deville, French Student

I had been planning and felt that I should go to Buras for some time. On Saturday before the third Sunday in December I went to see what I could do. Arriving there early Saturday afternoon, I walked around the business section of the town and prayed that I might find enough people to preach to, for it seemed that everyone was busy and I could not get a crowd.

About seven o'clock I walked in front of the picture show and there I found a crowd of people, both young and old. I asked the man for permission to preach in front of his place, and he held me to go right ahead. There I was alone with Jesus to preach the gospel to a lost community without Christ. I started to sing "Love Lifted Me," but before I could finish a large crowd had gathered around me, so I stopped and began to preach and to give out Testaments.

I was supposed to preach Sunday morning in the little church. I rang the bell and waited, but only one man came in the church that morning. What a great opportunity I would have missed to tell lost souls of Christ had I not done my best on Saturday. Surely if the gospel is to be given to the masses of this people we will have to follow the command of our Saviour and go out to the highways and hedges and compel them to hear.

"Unlucky! Say, if I was starving to death and there was a shower of soup I'd be standing there with a fork in my hand."—Oregon Orange Owl.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Insist upon DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer.

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RED EYES Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water cools, heals, strengthens, cleanses. Use after sewing, reading, driving. Drug stores or by mail 25c.

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Ridgecrest Boys Camp, JULY 2 to AUG. 28

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A Camp Experience Your Boy Will Never Forget

High in the hills for health, happiness and horizons. Excellent food and equipment, experienced leaders. For full information, including reduced Railroad Rates, write for Ridgecrest Camp Descriptive Folder. Only a limited number can be taken—make early application.

L. J. Van Ness, Executive Secretary, 161 Eighth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

The Children's Circle

Mrs. P. I. Lipsey

Bible Study No. 22. Luke 16:19-31.

1. What two men are contrasted in this story?

2. Was the rich man a bad man, a wicked man, breaking the commands of God, and feared by his neighbors?

3. Was he lost because he was rich? Was the beggar saved because he was poor?

4. What was the rich man's sin?

5. Can anything be done to save a person, after he is dead? (Verse 26).

6. How may we obtain salvation, and avoid eternal punishment? (Verse 29). In what great work do we find Jesus and the prophets.

My Dear Children:

I have not heard anything from you yet about our sending \$10.00 a month to our orphans, and getting up a nice little library for Miss Juanita Byrd, who is a missionary teacher in Shanghai College, Shanghai, China. I feel sure you want to give to the orphans, you always have and it would be fine to get a letter from China every now and then. But I don't like to decide this all by myself. Please let me hear from you about it. You will find below this a letter from Bro. Byrd, who is well known to many of your fathers and mothers, as Secretary of our State Sunday School work, and a fine man. He is the father of Miss Juanita and he gives his approval to our plan about the books. I should very much like for us to begin our two new works on June 1st, and hope it will be agreeable to you. So let the letters come on. I have some money on hand for both of these objects.

I hope none of you were in the districts injured by the recent dreadful storms, and overflows.

There now, I almost forgot to tell you about seeing Miss Gladys in New Orleans! She was a member of the B. B. I. Glee Club, and sang in a beautiful chorus which the Glee Club rendered one night at the Convention. Then, we went out to the B. B. I. one afternoon and she went around with us and was so pleased to meet me, whom she had known only on paper before. She is a lovely girl, and I believe has a life of great usefulness before her.

With much love,

—Mrs. Lipsey.

P. S.—As you see, my dears, we have, since I began to write, two letters with contributions for our new objects.

Mt. Olive, Miss. May 14, 1930.

Mrs. P. I. Lipsey,
Clinton, Miss.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

I greatly appreciate your thinking of Juanita and your offer to send her some books through the efforts of the Children's Pae. I shall certainly not object to this, however, I do not want it to be any burden to you by any means. I think it would be better to send the books than to send the money. I am not prepared to say what books Juanita would appreciate most. She went through my library and took such books as I had that she desired. I feel sure that with your knowledge of authors and books and with Dr. Lipsey's suggestions that any books that you would select would greatly please her.

Again I say I greatly appreciate this suggestion from you.

Sincerely yours,

—J. E. Byrd.

Decatur, Miss. May 12, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

I wonder if you would let a little girl 10 years old in your Band of happy boys and girls. I go to Sun-

day school, am in the Junior Class. I enjoy reading The Baptist Record and letters. Will send some money next time. With love to all,

Another new member,

—Angeleen Allgood.

We are glad to have a new member, Angeleen, and want you to help us in our new work of getting the money for Miss Byrd's books, and the \$10 a month for the orphans.

Osyka, Miss. May 18, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

This is the second time I've written to you. I am sending five cents for the orphans. I will be in the fourth grade next year. Our school closed on May 16, 1930. I used to go to the Sunbeam but we do not have them any more. Our Sunbeam teacher was Mrs. E. O. Bergold, and my Sunday school teacher is named Mrs. Trahan. I am eight years old.

Your little friend,

—Frances Louise Ferrell.

I hope you will soon have a new Sunbeam Leader, Frances. Thank you for remembering the orphans, and next time, if you can, help some on the money for Miss Juanita's books.

Crystal Springs, Miss. 5-17-30.

My Dear Mrs. Lippsey:

I want to join your happy Band of boys and girls. I am sending ten cents. I am seven years old. I saw you when I had my tonsils removed at Jackson. 1. Christ used the story of the woman and her last coin instead of a man because she would hunt for the lost coin more eagerly to find it than a man; and would rejoice more when she found it. Probably her husband gave it to her. 2. The laws of the soul. 3. Yes. God can find the sinner. 4. Her neighbors and friends. Yes, we should be happy when sinners are converted. God and the angels are happy when sinners are saved. 5. To win the lost to Christ. When the woman lost her silver she hunted about the house for two or three days. At last she found it, and called her friends to rejoice with her and she was glad she found it.

—Laura Clark.

Why, certainly I remember the day you came to the Hospital with your father and mother, Laura, and you and little brother had to have tonsils removed. We are thankful that things turned out all right for you and me both, aren't we?

I want to add a little to your answer to the first Bible Study question, Laura. The woman looked for her lost coin so eagerly because it and others were her personal property, given her perhaps by her husband when they were married, or left to her by her mother. They were very valuable to her, and she would leave them to her children when she died.

Courtland, Miss. May 19, 1930.

Mrs. P. I. Lipsey,

Jackson, Miss.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

I have been wanting to write for a long time but time passes so quickly. School has been out for a month and I made my grade. Will be in 9th grade and am 12 years old. My teachers are my daddy and Miss Irene Pollard. Mrs. Lipsey, I noticed in last week's Record Irene Woodruff's letter and she wanted your picture and I do too. Be sure to send it ahead. Irene lives out in the country and I live in town. I know her and I like her, too. I enjoy the Children's Circle very much. I know quite a few that write.

A friend, —Jessie Shepherd.

It makes the letters much more interesting to know those who write, doesn't it, Jessie? I don't know

Irene except thro' her letters, but I like her, too. Come to see us again, and won't you be one of the helpers in our new work?

Coffeeville, Miss May 16, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

This is the first time I have written. Yesterday was my birthday. I got six quarters. I am sending one for the books for Miss Juanita. My mother and I know her and love her. We live in Grenada but are staying up here while my aunt, Mrs. Gunter, is in the hospital in Memphis. Some of our little chickens got drowned when it rained so hard.

—Sue Vandiver.

Thank you, dear, for this good share of your birthday money. I believe this is the first gift for Miss Juanita. I hope Mrs. Gunter will soon be well enough to come home. I wish you a happy year.

Yazoo City, Miss. May 20, 1930.

Mrs. P. I. Lipsey

Editor of The Children's Circle
The Baptist Record

Jackson, Mississippi.
Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

Inclosed find one dollar (\$1.00) to be used by you on the amounts given for our two special objects of giving, the Orphanage and Miss Juanita Byrd. This comes from the Girls Auxiliary of the First Baptist Church, Yazoo City, Mississippi. You may use this for either cause.

Sincerely yours,

—Mrs. Sam D. Woods, Jr.

Leader, Girls Auxiliary, First Baptist Church, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

So much obliged for this contribution, which is the second one to come in especially for our two new

Continued on page 16

CHURCH FURNITURE

For Pulpits, Pews and Chancels, direct from Factory to you. We manufacture nothing else. Address HUNTINGTON SEATING CORP. Huntington, W. Va.

Blue Mountain College

BLUE MOUNTAIN, MISSISSIPPI

Summer Session and State Normal begin June 3rd. Wide variety of college courses, including P.T.A. work under the direction of Mrs. Chas. Roe, Field Secretary of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and Mrs. H. P. Hughes, former president of the Mississippi Parent-Teachers Association.

On May 5th our books opened for registration for the regular session beginning in September. Within three weeks nearly half of our dormitory room had been reserved by checks. We employ no canvassers or field representatives. The attendance at Blue Mountain College has been as follows:

	Regular Session	Summer Session
1925	219	124
1926	286	153
1927	319	160
1928	323	341
1929	336	406
1930	376	—

The above figures do not include high school students, extension students, or students enrolled in the State Normal, which is held in the buildings of Blue Mountain College during the summer, but solely resident students including those in the department of fine arts. The summer session figures for 1925 to 1927 are approximate.

Write for catalogue for summer session or regular session.

Lawrence T. Lowrey

President

MISSISSIPPI WOMAN'S COLLEGE

HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI

We have opened the books for students for the session of 1930-31. A room fee of \$12.50 reserves a place in any of the dormitories for next session. Send check now so as to obtain room of your choice.

Board and tuition for the entire session in Ross Hall or Johnson Hall \$340.00. Board and tuition in Dockery Hall, self-help plan, entire session \$235.00. All students take meals together.

Send check for \$12.50 for room fee and also write for catalogue to J. L. Johnson, President, Hattiesburg, Miss.

B. Y. P. U. Department

"We Study That We May Serve"
AUBER J. WILDS, General Secretary
Oxford, Mississippi



DR. and MRS. J. MANSFIELD BAILEY, who are to be with us in our District B. Y. P. U. Conventions are shown above. Dr. Bailey is one of our Medical Missionaries to China and will bring to us messages of OUR work over there. The first evening of the convention he will give an illustrated lecture giving views made from pictures that he

has taken personally. Read the program below and remember that—

Next Week

The District B. Y. P. U. Conventions for Districts Three and Four are to be held. June 3-4 at Okolona and June 5-6 at Philadelphia. Everything points to a most helpful meeting at each of these places and a good crowd is expected. Let every union be represented fully.

Our Verse

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:5.

Win One

Here is the testimony of a young Christian, one of our Mississippi B. Y. P. U. workers. "For sometime I had been impressed to ask a pupil of mine to become a Christian. Finally, not having a good opportunity to speak to her personally, I wrote her a note and told her I was anxious for her to become a Christian. She replied stating that she had been expecting me to ask her to do so for some time and that she wanted me to lead her to Christ. A personal interview followed and she accepted Christ as her Savior. The easiest thing I ever did was to lead that girl to Christ, the reason was, I think, the Holy Spirit was leading us both. The girl has since joined the church, been baptized and states that she is happy in her new life."

What was your experience? Let us have it for publication.

1930 District B. Y. P. U. Convention Program

Convention Song—"Win Them One By One"

First Day

P.M.

3:00—Sing With Gladness His Praise.

3:30—Greetings of Welcome. Assembly Response.

Special Response. President's Address.

4:30—Registering Delegates and Assigning Homes.

Visit the Exhibit.

6:00—JUNE JAUNT.

7:00—SUPPER TIME.

7:30—Sing With Gladness His Praise.

8:00—Keynote Address—State Sec. Auber J. Wilds.

Special Music.

8:30—Abroad with Our Missionary.

9:15—Good Night—See You in the Morning.

Second Day

A.M.

8:30—Presenting "The Three Visitors"—A Play.

9:00—Problem Parleys for:

Adults

Seniors

Intermediates

Jnniors

Leaders

10:00—Grand March—Seated in Auditorium by Associations.

10:10—Talk—The Lifting Leader, by District Leader.

10:25—Verbal Reports from all Unions Represented.

10:45—Sing With Gladness His Praise.

11:00—Visiting With Our Missionary.

12:00—LUNCH TIME.

1:30—Business Session.

1:45—Our Task—A Program on Soul Winning.

2:15—General Sword Drill—Everyone Bring His Bible.

2:30—Talk—Personal Soul Winning, by Miss Cecelia Durscherl.

2:45—Soul Winning Around the World.

3:45—Soul Winning Resolves.

4:00—"Home James."

Daily Bible Readers

Ordinarily we do not report any but those who have kept up the readings for a year, but this is such a splendid group we wanted to give it here. The Shady Grove, Copiah County Junior B. Y. P. U. sends in a list of ten of their members who were perfect in the Daily Bible Readings for first quarter this year, here they are: Frances King, Dorothy Russell, Dorothy Izard, Lava Myers, Adrian Dearman, Doris Izard, Cordell Hemphill, Marie McManus, Blanche Amos, Charlotte Beasley. We are hoping that we may have the privilege of reprinting all of these names at the close of the year showing that they have kept up their readings for a year.

First County B. Y. P. U. Meet

The B. Y. P. U.'s of Madison County met at The First Baptist Church in Canton, Miss., for the purpose of organizing a county Association.

The meeting was opened with prayer and song, followed a short talk by Miss Cecelia Durscherl, who is Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Leader of the State. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Cora Traylor, Camden; Vice President, Mrs. A. A. Burns, Sharon; Secretary Treasurer, Ernest Cox, Madison Station; Publicity, J. D. Maness, Canton; Chorister, D. L. Whittington, Canton; Pianist, Miss Maxine Melton, Canton; Group Leaders, No. 1, Chrystine Clark, Camden, No. 2, Harry Larson, Canton.

The next meeting will be held second Sunday in June at 2:30 o'clock at the Baptist Church in Farmhaven, Miss. The topic of the next meeting will be "Soul Winning."

—J. D. Maness.

—BR—

The following conversation was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years:

"Harry, tell me what is the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Harry (with patronizing air)—"Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it outright, it is a bicycle."

WHAT THE RECENT CONVENTION ADOPTION OF THE RELIEF AND ANNUITY BOARD'S RECOMMENDATIONS MEANS

I

THE RELIEF DEPARTMENT WILL BE RE-ENFORCED AND ENABLED TO DO MORE FOR THE COMFORT OF OUR OLD AND DISABLED MINISTERS AND FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED MINISTERS.

After the close of the present calendar year all receipts from the churches will be used in paying relief benefits. No part of these contributions will go to the Annuity Departments. Gifts designated to relief will also be faithfully used as they have always been for the relief of our veterans and the net interest earnings on invested relief funds will likewise be so used. Special gifts for relief will be gratefully received and promptly distributed, or if so designated will be added to the invested fund. REMEMBER THAT THE RELIEF DEPARTMENT WILL NOT BENEFIT BY THE ABOVE MENTIONED CHANGE UNTIL DECEMBER 31, 1930.

II

OUR ANNUITY DEPARTMENT WHICH HAS BEEN OPERATED FOR THE PAST TWELVE YEARS WILL BE CLOSED TO NEW MEMBERS SEPTEMBER 30, 1930, BUT WILL CONTINUE TO PAY THE FULL BENEFITS PROMISED TO CERTIFICATE HOLDERS. NO MEMBER NEED BECOME FEARFUL THAT THE BENEFITS WHICH HAVE BEEN PAID OR WHICH ARE EXPECTED FROM THIS SOURCE WILL BECOME LESS CERTAIN. MEMBERS OF THIS DEPARTMENT WILL CONTINUE TO PAY THEIR DUES AS HERETOFORE. THEY WILL BE PRIVILEGED TO TRANSFER TO THE NEW DEPARTMENT OF SERVICE ANNUITY WHEN THAT DEPARTMENT BEGINS TO OPERATE IF THEY ELECT TO DO SO. THEY MAY CONTINUE THEIR MEMBERSHIP IN THE PRESENT ANNUITY DEPARTMENT AND ALSO PARTICIPATE IN THE SERVICE ANNUITY DEPARTMENT IF THEY CHOOSE TO DO SO.

III

THE SERVICE ANNUITY DEPARTMENT WILL ENABLE CHURCHES INDIVIDUALLY TO JOIN WITH THEIR MINISTERS IN BUILDING UP FOR THEMSELVES AND FOR THEIR DEPENDENTS A MONTHLY INCOME AND DO THIS WHILE THE MINISTERS ARE IN ACTIVE SERVICE. THERE WILL BE NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. THUS IN A DEPENDABLE AND ECONOMICAL WAY PROPER PROVISION WILL BE MADE FOR MINISTERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AGAINST THE TIME OF NEED. PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE. THIS PLAN DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE RELIEF AND ANNUITY BOARD WILL DO LESS FOR PREACHERS WHO COME TO OLD AGE OR DISABILITY UNPROVIDED FOR. THE BOARD WILL DO MORE FOR SUCH PREACHERS YEAR BY YEAR. THE SERVICE ANNUITY WILL BRING ABOUT A CONDITION IN WHICH FEWER PREACHERS WILL COME TO OLD AGE OR DISABILITY WITHOUT A SUPPORT. THUS OUR MINISTRY WILL BE STRENGTHENED, OUR CHURCHES WILL BE BLESSED AND THE KINGDOM ADVANCED. LET OUR PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE BOUNDS OF THE CONVENTION WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SERVICE ANNUITY. MANY CHURCHES AND MINISTERS ARE READY TO CO-OPERATE AND ERE LONG THEIR NUMBER WILL BE LEGION.

THE RELIEF AND ANNUITY BOARD OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

1226 Athletic Club Building,
Dallas, Texas.

THE HEATHEN AT HER DOOR

(Jennie N. Standifer)

Chapter I

When Mary Alice Patton graduated from high school she was sent to M. College where she entered the Freshman class. The first two years she led her classes in all literary work. That summer her father died, and her brother Tom, two years her senior, became the support of the family, which consisted of his mother, Mary Alice and Julia, who was fifteen. "I can work the little farm, and let Julia go to high school," said Tom, "but we can't send Mary Alice to college any longer."

"I can work my way," declared Mary Alice decidedly. "I will write to Dr. Bennett, the college President, and ask him for a place to help in the dining room, that will pay my board and tuition."

"If you think you can do the work, and keep your class work, it will be all right," replied the mother.

That was how Mary Alice came to be one of the dining room girls at M. College. By working as an agent for magazines and papers during the summer months, she managed to pay for her books and clothing.

Two years later she graduated, and began applying for a position to teach. There were many disappointments, although Mary Alice was well recommended.

"I would like to be a missionary to China," she told her mother, "but I would have to attend the Mission Training School, and that would be impossible, unless I could make the money."

"Yes, impossible," replied the mother decidedly. She was not interested in Missions, nor anxious for her daughter to go to help the heathen on the other side of the world.

But the desire to be a missionary continued in her daughter's heart.

Sometime in October, Mary Alice received a letter from Dr. Bennett asking if she would accept the position as teacher of a school at Black Jack, a small village many miles from the railroad.

"The people are rough, ignorant, and many are lawless," wrote Dr. Bennett. "The last teacher remained only a month, and left because of failure of health," she said, but I fancy she did not like living in such an illiterate community. The salary will be small, but board and other expenses will not amount to much. You could save money, and also do a great deal of missionary work, if you feel called in that way. I remember hearing you say while you were in college that you would like to go to China. Let me hear from you at once."

Mary Alice read the letter to her mother and brother, and they reluctantly consented for her to accept the position.

"It is a chance to help the ignorant and I will accept it with that purpose in view," declared Mary Alice.

Black Jack was 20 miles from the nearest railroad station. On the following Saturday afternoon Mary Alice reached the shabby little depot. A rough, poorly dressed elder-

ly man, a gawky boy of fourteen, and a bashful girl a few years younger, were waiting on the platform.

"Do you be Miss Mary Alice Patton?" asked the man. "I'm Hank Simmons, from Black Jack."

"I'm glad to met you, Mr. Simmons," replied the teacher.

"These be my boy, Sam, and my darter, Liza Ann. Spunk up and howdy with the lady, chillun."

Mary Alice shook hands with the boy and girl. The man asked:

"Got any trunk? Gimme yer check, and me and Sam'll put it in the wagin."

The trunk was placed in the wagon, and "teacher" helped to a chair in front of it. They drove down a rough road, with only a log cabin here and there to break the monotony of the thick woods. At last they stopped in front of a log house of three rooms, and Mr. Simmons called to a sunbonnetted woman who was sweeping the yard:

"We got Teacher, old 'oman! Come see her!"

Chapter II

In true Cracker style Mrs. Simmons wiped her hands on her gingham apron, and shook hands with "Teacher."

"Howdy," she said, and led the way to the house. It was clean, but bare of furniture save beds, chairs and a few rough, pine tables.

Supper was served at sunset, and consisted of fried bacon and biscuits yellow with soda. Breakfast was similar.

"At what hour are church services held?" asked the teacher.

"They ain't held," replied Mrs. Simmons with a grin. "Ain't got no preacher here, and the men folks and boys goes huntin' and fishin', Sundays."

"What do the women and girls do?"

"They gads erbout and talks."

"Is there no Sunday school?"

"Nobody to hold it."

Tactfully, Mary Alice proposed that they would have a reading from the Bible, and a short devotional service, then and there.

"Me and Sam's gotta feed the critters," objected Mr. Simmons, rising from the table.

"I gotta clear off the table and git dinner," declared Mrs. Simmons. "You kin walk down the road to the school house if you're amind to, Ma'm."

While mother and daughter were busy in the kitchen, Mary Alice walked over to the school house. It was a rough, unpainted structure, furnished with backless benches, a chair for the teacher, and a table. The windows were small and grimy with dirt. The school grounds were covered with tall weeds. A few scrubby blackjack trees were the only shade.

The newly elected teacher sat on the steps of the building and began to cry. This horrid place was to be the scene of the great work she had planned. There could be nothing to look forward to but disappointment and failure. And she had hoped that great things would come through this school! It might have prepared her for Mission work in foreign lands. Then, strong and forcibly

there came to her mind the question: "Why not make this a Mission field?"

It was certainly needed here. She dried her tears, bowed her head, and prayed for guidance and help. The question came to her: "Isn't helping the lost anywhere a plain duty? Would the Master be with her?"

With bowed head she prayed, and at last the impression came, strong and forcefully: "Do not neglect the heathen at your door."

"I will do what I can—the Lord being my helper," she murmured aloud.

"Talkin' to yerse'f, air ye?" asked Mrs. Simmons, with a laugh.

"Yes, I was saying with the Lord's help I will do what I can for this school."

"You'll have a hard time, honey, but I hope you'll stick."

"I will—the Master being my helper."

"Come on to dinner, and I'll tell you what you'll be up against."

In a gossipy way Mrs. Simmons told stories of unruly pupils, and meddlesome parents, but Mary Alice was wisely silent, making no comments.

About twenty-five pupils, ranging in ages from six to fifteen years, had assembled in the school room next morning before the teacher arrived. In his clumsy way Mr. Simmons introduced Miss Patton, and advised one and all to behave themselves. When he left the room Mary Alice asked all to join in singing: "Jesus Loves Me." It was a solo, as her pupils were too timid to sing, even had they known the song. As she read a selection from the scriptures, several of the older boys coughed vigorously, and the girls giggled. She reproved them kindly, and led in a short prayer. This also was interrupted by laughter and whispering.

The forenoon was spent in classifying the students and keeping order. In the afternoon the children became restless, and Mary Alice tried to teach them games. They took no interest in them.

At three o'clock school was dismissed and all started for their homes except the teacher. She sat by the pine table, with bowed head, asking herself what had been her mistakes. Inexperienced, unaccustomed to backwoods people, she felt that she had made mistakes, and was discouraged. Again she went to the Heavenly Father in prayer. She left the schoolhouse stronger, and more determined than ever to give the best of which she was capable to win and help that benighted community.

(To be continued)

MY CHURCH

My church is the place where the Word of God is preached, the power of God is felt, the spirit of God is manifested, the love of God is revealed. It should be the home of my soul, the altar of my devotion, the heart of my faith, the center of my aggression and life. Having united with the church in solemn covenant, I will advance its interests by my faithful attendance at its services, by studying its holy Scriptures, by observing its ordinances, by contrib-

In Memoriam

IN MEMORY OF MRS. E. H. MARRINER

How fitting to lay her among the flowers,

The loveliest queen of them all!

Her life gave joy to earthly bowers,
And its fragrance can never be recalled.

The regal lily bends its head,

To a presence of more grace.

The roses are giving their heart's red,
And the pansies acknowledge a sweeter face.

The sweetness and fragrance of her beautiful life,

Will waft the spell o'er our Spirit's fret,

Give us courage for the daily task,
God's grace and goodness not forget.

—Mrs. A. Polk.

Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

W. W. Bostick

As a church, we shall always be grateful to North Carolina for giving us the greater part of the life of W. W. Bostick. The Old North State's loss was Mississippi's—and especially Sandersville's—gain.

March 23 was a beautiful day. Mr. Bostick occupied his usual pew at the church. How appropriate that he should have been called on to lead the congregation in prayer—and how fitting that he closed with the characteristic phrase, "—in that world without an end!" For even that day Mr. Bostick was called to his eternal home.

At death some men leave land, others leave money, some leave nothing; the narrow lives of some die at the grave—but Mr. Bostick left an influence to live on. As the Rev. Mr. Gates, who conducted the funeral, so beautifully brought out, Mr. Bostick's death ended a life that was—and is—a challenge to carry on. A challenge to live as he lived—to work for Christ as he had worked.

"We have come to give back to earth one of the most Godly men I have ever known," said Mr. Bostick's pastor, the Rev. G. A. Smith, at the funeral. What a sacrifice for a community! And yet, what a joy to know that—if we live as he lived—we, too, may have that blessed privilege of living "in that world without an end!"

—Committee for Sandersville Baptist Church.

uting to its support, by encouraging its members and its leaders and by joining with them in all good works. By thus honoring and serving God, I shall share with many others the life of the kingdom of heaven.—The Christian Advocate.

The following is an authentic question and answer from an examination, not far away, in English literature:

"Who was Dr. Samuel Johnson?"

"He was the translator of Virgil's Adenoid."—"The Nomad," Boston Transcript.

GOES TO BATON ROUGE

I have tendered my resignation as pastor at Forest, and have accepted the care of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Baton Rouge, La. My work there is to begin not later than July first.

Since my time here has been so short I thought it only fair to this town and church to write a word for publication in the Record. I am quite sure that questions will arise as to the cause of my going from this church so quickly. In fact, this was one of the great difficulties that I had to face when the call came to the other place. Let me say that this church and town have my deepest love and appreciation, and that I go from them in no spirit of criticism.

Since the first of January the church has built for me a home that is good enough for any preacher to live in. It seemed that everyone took great joy in making this house just as attractive and comfortable as they could. The attendance at all the services of the church has been good, and the offerings for all the work have been satisfactory. In fact, it was not because of anything that the church here did or failed to do that I offered my resignation. I was fully satisfied to live here, and give my children their high school education in this city. I was fully contented until the call for help came from the Louisiana city. This call was of such nature that I could not get away from it. It seemed to me the Macedonian call for help. After much waiting and prayer, I told them that I would go to them. Then I offered my resignation here.

As this move takes me out of the State, I want to say a further word about my stay in Mississippi. It was in September 1924 that I came to this State. For more than five years I was with Fifth Avenue Church, Hattiesburg. These were some of the most blessed years of my life. I left them the first of December last year, and now Brother Almond, formerly of Wesson, is their pastor. I rejoice in this good man and good church getting together. Surely some of the best people anywhere are there. Daily I am praying for church and pastor. When I came to Forest I found the same, fine, loyal spirit that had prevailed among the saints at Hattiesburg. The churches that I have touched around here seem of the same fine class as those around Hattiesburg, too. In all I have come to love Mississippi. I do not know that I will ever live in this State again. That

is in the hands of the Lord, and I shall be very happy to do what He wills if I can know that will. But I am happy that I have been permitted to spend these years in this State. May the best blessings of the Lord rest upon our great Baptist work here in the coming years.

We shall always be glad to have our friends over here visit us in the capital city of Louisiana. Do not fail to look us up when you are in our parts.

Fraternally,
—D. A. Youngblood.

THE EMPTY PEW

The empty pew has an eloquent tongue. Though its message is unpleasant it is one that all may hear. To the preacher the empty pew says, "Your sermon is not worth while." To the visitor it whispers, "You see, we are not quite holding our own." To the treasurer it shouts, "Look out for a deficit." To a stranger who is looking for a church home it suggests, "You had better wait a while." To the members who are present it asks, "Why don't you go visiting next Sunday, too?" The empty pew speaks against the service. It kills inspiration and smother hope. It dulls the fine edge of zeal. The empty pew is a weight. The occupied pew is a wing. Is your pew regularly occupied, occasionally occupied or always empty? If every member attended the services with just the same regularity that you attend what sort of congregations would greet the pastor each Sunday, morning and evening, and what about the prayer meeting crowd? When you are absent, "Thou will be missed because thy seat will be empty."—(I Sam. 20:18).—Selected.

NOTES FROM THE EVANGELIST

Since my last report the writer has been in meetings at Gunnison, the Great Southern Lumber Camp, Vancleave and Hernando. The Lord bestowed his blessings on us in all these meetings and we are leaving it to others to report the results through the paper if they see fit.

The following list will show where and how busy I shall be during the Summer:

Maben May 23-31, Osyka June 1-6, Lion School June 8-14 (Between Ocean Springs and Pascagoula), Dockery June 22-28, Merigold June 29-July 6, McHenry July 8-18, McCool July 20-26, Sylvarena School House July 27-Aug 1 (between Water Valley and Oakland), Fairview Aug. 3-9 (near Indianola), Darling Aug 10-16, Pine Forest Aug. 17-22 (near Kilmichael), New Prospect Aug. 24-30 (near Iuka), Bethlehem Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (near Iuka).

May we count on you to remember us in your prayers that the Lord shall keep us in health and guide us by his spirit during these very busy months?

The time for protracted meetings in Mississippi is on again and may the Lord make it a great season of genuine revival.

Your's in the work,
—Bryan Simmons.



Pastor L. G. GATES, of First Baptist Church of Laurel, Mississippi. This likeness of Dr. Gates should have been in last week's paper, accompanying the account of his twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor.

BAPTIST WORKERS HAPPILY REUNITED

Sunday, May 18, will long be remembered by the H. L. Carter family as one of unusual pleasure and much happiness. On that day the family had as their guests seven friends with whom they had served as missionaries in China: Miss Margie Shumate, Shiuhing, Kwangtung, South China; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Snuggs and son, H. H., Jr., of Wuchow, Kwangsi, South China; Dr. and Mrs. J. Manseld Bailey and daughter, Martha Taccoa, of Kwelin, Kwangsi, South China. The other "Chinese baby" making up the trio of children born in South China was Miss Martha Allen Carter.

The party made up a happy re-

union of friends who had lived and served together in the South China mission of Southern Baptists, and reminiscences of times together across the ocean in the interesting Orient filled many happy hours of this pleasant day.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey left Sunday evening to visit relatives in Vicksburg enroute to Nashville. Miss Shumate left Monday night for Pearisburg, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Snuggs will remain in the Carter home until next Monday.

Miss Shumate spoke at Central Church Sunday morning, and Mr. Snuggs Sunday night. Miss Shumate and Mrs. Snuggs addressed a meeting of Baptist ladies from the various churches Monday afternoon. Mr. Snuggs spoke at the Grammar School Tuesday morning, and at the Summit Baptist Church Thursday night. On Sunday night he will give an illustrated address on China at Central Church at 8:00.

BAPTIST BIBLE INSTITUTE

Exams. are over. Tomorrow is Commencement Day. Soon the session of 1929-30 will be a matter of history. I have enjoyed my work here immensely. There is not a "Doctor Dribones" in the whole faculty. They are all hightoned, cultured, consecrated, Christian gentlemen—and ladies. I feel constrained to mention President Hamilton especially in this connection. He is deeply devotional, cultured, courteous—a prince of a Christian. He is a real man doing real work at a real job. Everybody here loves him. Not one word derogatory of him have I heard from any source during the whole session. He and his yokefellow, Business Manager N. T. Tull, are carrying a heavy burden. Let's continue to lighten their load with our prayers and our money.

—W. C. Hamil.

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Continued from page 9

put earth all around it up to his waist, about as high as we see the water coming up on the body of Jesus in some pictures that represent Him as standing in the water while John stands on the bank of the River Jordan and with a long handled dipper pours water on His head. They will still object, "You haven't buried this man." And they will be correct in their objection.

The Lord has ordained baptism as a monument of these wonderful truths, the resurrection of Jesus, the resurrection of His people, the death to sin and the rising to walk in newness of life. Do we regard and respect the monument as we should? I was saddened a little yesterday as I read of a great monument erected at Yorktown in 1881. I notice that within the shadow of this famous monument there rises a slender red obelisk, its shaft half obscured by a tangle of wild blackberry vines, its base hidden in a thicket of young sassafras saplings. On this neglected monument is this inscription: "On This Spot Lord Cornwallis. Commanding British Forces, Surrendered to General Washington, 19 October, 1781." It was here that 140 years ago Gen. Greene received from the reluctant hands of Gen. O'Hara the sword of Lord Cornwallis, while that crestfallen dignitary sulked in his tent under a plea of illness. Here was enacted the final scene of the struggles of the continental troops for freedom from British dominion. John W. Shaw of Maryland, built this neglected monument, and on October 19, 1895, 114 years after the memorable day it commemorated, it was dedicated with simple ceremony to the school children of America. Mr. Shaw built it with his own hands. The material he used is very suggestive. For instance, the base upon which the obelisk rests is of sandstone, brought from a point near Cornwallis' Cave, where tradition has it that the English general hid during the bombardment of his fortification by American artillery. English bricks, taken from the foundation of the old colonial courthouse at Yorktown, comprise the shaft, which is plastered with German cement, symbolic of the Hessian mercenaries, upon whom the crown's forces leaned heavily. The shaft is painted red to represent the blood of the colonists which flowed over the land for the principle of independence. It made me sad to read of the neglect of this very, very important monument. Then I said to myself: But Ben, doesn't it make you feel still more sad at the way people neglect the wonderful monument of baptism? How some of your dear Christian friends say "Will not something else do? Surely baptism is not essential to salvation." No, it is not essential, but as I have said before, do you do the things simply that are essential? Do you husbands do for your wives simply the things that are necessary? Do you wives do for your husbands just the things that are necessary? If so, you are not worthy of the name husband and wife. If you object to Bible baptism because it is not necessary to salvation, or because it is inconvenient, you are guilty of gross neglect of this wonderful

monument. We cannot set forth the vital doctrine of our religion in dramatic form without it. We shall not be happy if consciously we continue to refuse to do the thing we believe He wants us to do.

May God help us to see in baptism what He wants us to see, and may He help us to live the baptized life, to walk in newness of life. We cannot do that, of course, without the help of Him who first of all instituted baptism. Knowing about Him won't do, we need to know Him. Without Him we shall stray. I was forcibly struck with a recent article calling attention to the fact that the average Philadelphian within twenty-four hours breaks enough laws to call for fines aggregating \$2,895.67 and five years imprisonment. You say how can this be possible? Well, the writer says:

"He beat his dog with a slipper. Later he took the dog out on the street unmuzzled. Next he helped his boy fly a kite in the street. Then, on his way to his office, he entered a public square smoking. Getting to his place of business, he approved putting on sale a popgun and wooden cannon shooting cork projectiles.

"He followed this by repricing commodities and advertising them at the new prices. Emptying a package of cigarets, he threw the worthless container into a wastepaper basket without entirely destroying the revenue stamp. Next he dispatched a clerk to distribute advertising handbills.

"Returning home, he encouraged his boy to pedal a velocipede on the public streets. Visiting with a friend after dinner, he cast some doubts on the inspiration of the Bible. A snowstorm came on during the night and he slept for two hours after he should have been removing the snow from the sidewalk."

Yes, He and He alone can help us to be what we ought to be and do what we ought to do. In a social gathering there was a very prominent actor and also a famous old preacher. Upon invitation the actor repeated the Twenty-third Psalm. He did it so eloquently and so impressively that the people were thrilled and nodded approval one to another. Afterward, the actor courteously requested the preacher to repeat the same Psalm. The preacher did so, with tears in his eyes and tears in his heart. His audience also was melted to tears, and when he got through the actor said very impressively, "I know the Psalm but you know the Shepherd." Do we know Him? He alone can help us walk in the newness of life. And if we are not saved, He alone can save us. He alone can help us stand the strenuous tests of life. Well do I remember when a boy in England the famous agnostic Charles Bradlaugh was billed to lecture in Well-ington. After one of his eloquent addresses he said:

"If there is any Christian who would like to come to the platform and say a word in defense of the Christian religion, he has the opportunity." All the men were motionless, but one old woman walked feebly to the platform and said: "I

am the woman to speak, for I know. Fifty years ago I was left a widow with three children. I had not a penny in the world, but I believed in God as my Father and Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I committed my life to His care. I have by His blessed help reared all my children. Today all are in positions of trust. Soon I shall leave this world, and I know the Lord is waiting to meet me on the shores of eternity. I know what my religion has done for me. What has your agnosticism done for you?"

The famous lecturer wisely said, "Well, Grandma, we will not discuss that tonight."

Yes, He alone can give salvation, He alone can give security. Are you anchored in Him or somewhere else? We can't depend on anyone else, we can't depend on ourselves. He would be an unwise man who would try to be safe by keeping the

anchor in the hold of the ship. But no more unwise than he who has his hopes confined within himself. If we are not saved He wants to save us.

—BR—

Continued from page 12

objects. I'm looking to the auxiliaries and the Sunbeams for much help. I'm dividing this gift between the two.

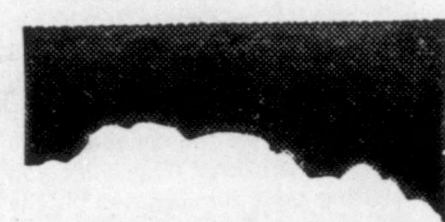
—O—

Blue Mtn., Miss. May 16, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Lipsey:

I am inclosing ten cents for the orphanage, and am also sending the answers No. 20 Bible Study. I've seen the suggestion for you to put your picture in the Page and I second the motion.

Somebody forgot to sign her name, didn't she? The answers were all right except the first, and I'll be glad if you will read my answer to Laura Clark's letter. And do send your name, so your money can be credited.



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